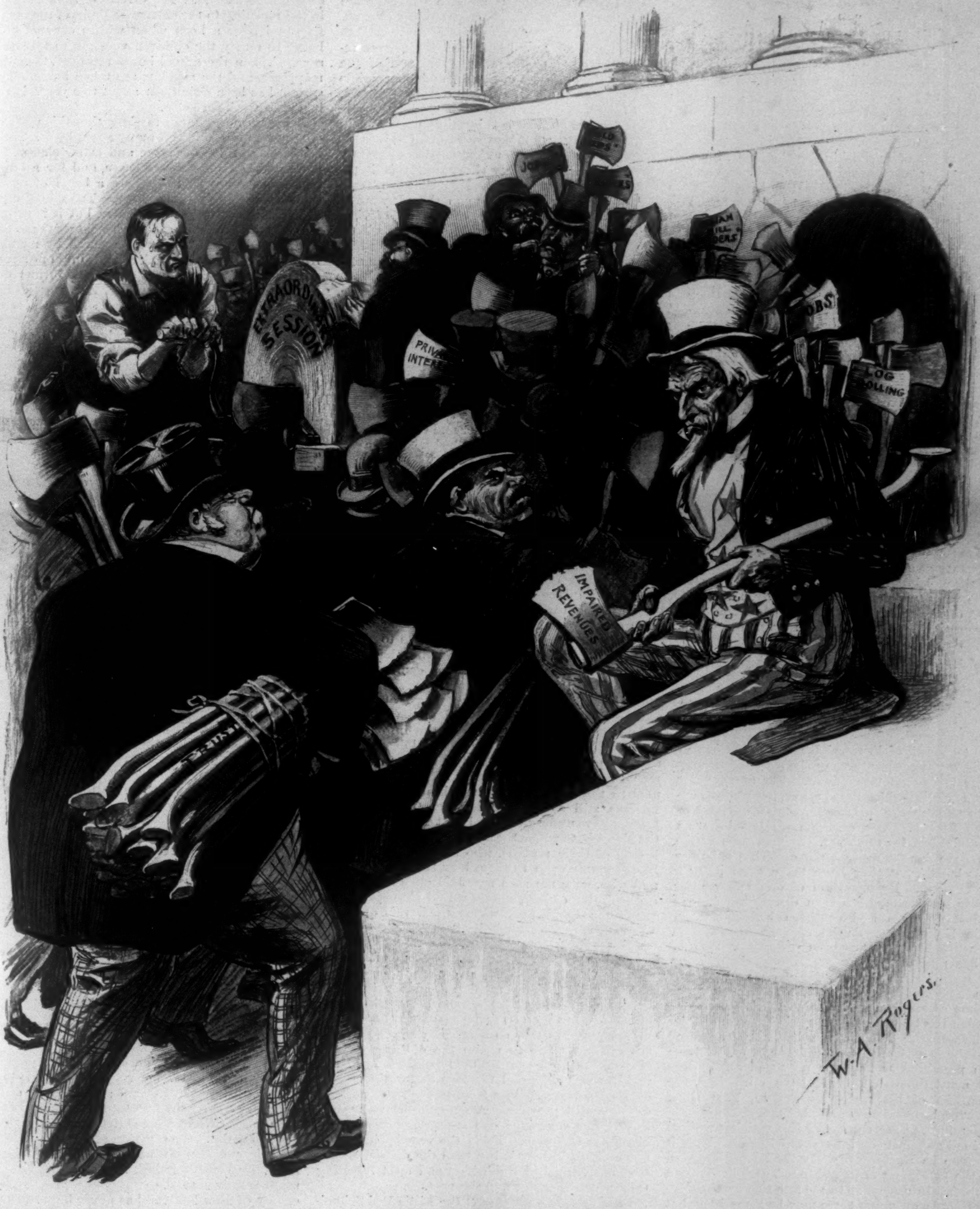
HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XLI.—No. 2102.
Copyright, 1897, by HARPER & BROTHERS.
All Rights Reserved.
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1897.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.


EXTRAORDINARY SESSION
PRIVA INTER
OBS
LOG ROLLING
IMPAIRED REVENUES
W. A. Rogers.

THERE ARE OTHERS!
UNCLE SAM THOUGHT HIS AXE WAS TO BE GROUND!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(Twenty-four Pages.)

New York City, April 3, 1897.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK, N. Y.

THE TRIUMPH OF RUSSIA.

THE powers of Europe have blockaded Crete at last. After many threats, the alleged duty of protecting the Moslems against the insurgents and the Greeks has been fulfilled. It was worthy of the whole wretched business that the news of the actual blockade was accompanied by the assurance that the Moslem persecutors of the island were not to be unduly inconvenienced, but that the Christian nations of Europe intended to starve only the Christian insurgents and the Greeks who have been struggling to overthrow the power of the odious tyrant of Constantinople.

This final act of friendship for the Turk, however, met with a vigorous protest. There had been rumblings of popular indignation before. M. Hanotaux and Premier Méline had been forced to ask to be excused from participation in the violent measures against the Greeks that were proposed some time ago, because popular opinion in France would not tolerate active hostilities against the Greeks. Popular opinion had also found expression in England through Sir William Harcourt and Lord Kimberley, and the latter's announcement, in reply to a taunt from Lord Salisbury, that henceforth opposition to the "concert of Europe" in aid of Turkish murders would be the policy of the Liberal party must have awakened Lord Rosebery to the fact that he had thrown away another opportunity. But it was left for Mr. Gladstone, with whom Lord Rosebery parted company some months ago on this very Eastern question, to speak the word that has completely aroused the conscience of England, and that will probably in the end arouse the conscience of western Europe against the crowns and bankers of Europe. The splendid passion and convincing eloquence of the old Liberal leader are the finest intellectual and moral tonic that has been administered to the nerves of Europe since he spoke, more than twenty years ago, in behalf of the Bulgarians. While the political philosophers are minutely studying the evil tendencies of democracy, this aged prophet of the popular cause, sure of finding the conscience of Europe, appeals directly to the people. No one can foretell what is to happen in Europe, and especially in the East, but this is certain, that popular sentiment in the countries where it can find free expression is hostile to the policy of the Tsar and the Kaiser, and that the difference between the mediæval policy and the modern idea is most profound.

The "concert of Europe" for the protection of the "integrity of the Ottoman Empire" is just now making barbarism triumphant. For many years western Europe has been using its utmost endeavor to keep the barbarous Russian out of barbarous Turkey. The consequence has been, on the whole, bad for the Turk. The western Christians have fought against the eastern Christians in his behalf, but they have taken good pay for their services. By operation of one treaty after another his territory has been dismembered. He has lost northern and southern Bulgaria, Roumania, Herzegovina, Bosnia, Servia, and Montenegro, while Thessaly has been restored to Greece. He has remained in Constantinople, defiling the fair southeastern corner of Europe, and he has been protected by the "concert" in his favorite pastime of murdering Armenian Christians. The Russian has been kept out. This is the sum total of the accomplishment of the "concert of Europe." There was a time when the Russian might have been permitted to take his prey under restraints and restrictions that would have minimized the expansion of his barbarous power. That time, however, has evidently passed.

Heretofore the "concert of Europe" has worked distinctly against the interests of Russia. Now it seems to be working directly for its welfare, and for the fulfilment of its object. There is hardly a doubt felt in Europe as to the fate that awaits Constantinople, although there may be some hope left in the bosoms of the German Kaiser and the Austrian Emperor that some bit of good fortune will arrive, and that the realization of the Tsar's desire will yet be postponed. But official England has long been ready to make an arrangement with the Tsar, and popular England, sick at heart by reason of the Armenian massacres, and the last outrage on the Christian insurgents of Crete and their brave Greek allies, is ready to give anything to Russia if only the unspeakable Turk may be driven out of Europe. France, of course, would be glad to see her new friend securely seated at the eastern gateway of the Mediterranean, and would be especially pleased to aid in bringing about the happy result. It is in that way only, perhaps, that she can hope to secure a Russian endorsement for the Turkish bonds so many of which are in the strong-boxes of Paris bankers. But the situation is not simple enough to permit the surrender of Turkey to Europe, for Germany and Austria would stand in the way even if there should be an agreement between the other powers. In the mean time no change in the situation is possible without war; not because war is absolutely essential to a change, but because the six powers will not agree that there shall be no war. It is because all the powers refuse to act together for the suppression of the Turk that the outbreak of Greece, and the possible revolt of Macedonia, if carried out to the end, would fill Europe with war.

The Ottoman Empire is being thus preserved in order that eventually it may ripen and fall into the lap of waiting Russia; for unless conditions greatly change in a comparatively short time, this is the result that is sure to happen. Meantime the "concert" of Europe must wait upon the pleasure of the Tsar; and meantime the conscience of England and France will continue to endure the bitter pain caused by the material and willing aid which their rulers, moved by dynastic traditions or controlled by the great banking interests, will give to the Sultan to prevent a war and a financial panic. The "concert" is not threatened, except by such generous sentiments as have been aroused by the wonderful appeal which Mr. Gladstone has addressed to the people of England. It is quite within the range of probability that popular sentiment in western Europe could force a settlement of the immediate Eastern problem—which is as to the best method of protecting the Christian subjects of the Sultan from murder and outrage. And such a solution might be reached without a war and without a disastrous panic. It might have been reached long ago. It is true that Russia would not like such a settlement, for a cessation of outrages in Armenia would postpone the chance of her peaceful entry into Constantinople, if it would not destroy it altogether. Still, there is no good reason to expect that the "concert" will be soon dissolved, or that anything more important to western Europe will follow Mr. Gladstone's cry in the night than a political issue in England which will greatly aid the Liberal cause. Of two things more, perhaps, we may be reasonably sure—another effort will be made to compel the Sultan to promise reforms, while the Greeks will not be seriously punished for coming to the assistance of their kinsmen in Crete. Mr. Gladstone is doubtless right in supposing that there is not "a European people whose judgment, could it be had, would ordain or tolerate the infliction of punishment upon Greece for the good deed she has recently performed. Certainly," he continues, "it would not be the French, who so largely contributed to the foundation of the kingdom; nor the Italians, still so mindful of what they and their fathers have undergone; and least of all, I will say, the English, to whom the air of freedom is the very breath of their nostrils, who have already shown in every way open to them how they are minded, and who, were the road now laid open to them by a dissolution of Parliament, would show it by returning a Parliament which upon this question would speak with unanimity."

THE NEW COUNTRY SCHOOL.

A symptom of the modern tendency in rural life to approach urban compactness, which the trolley-car has been one of the potent influences to help along, has taken on recently a new form in the attempt made to revise the old-time district school. In most country towns of New England, and in the Middle and Western States, the system dividing a township into from five to twenty school districts still prevails. A generation ago no one could have conceived of the practicability of any change in this plan. From the very beginning of our nation's history it has been the district school that has furnished the loftiest and most inspiring theme for the orator and the poet.

In Whittier's poem of "The Little Red School-House" all of us who have grown up from country-bred childhood find our earliest and most tender memories refreshed. There are times when we should like to go back to it, though in some cases it was either yellow or brown. It certainly was a boon in its day; but it would seem there are reasons now for replacing it by a better species. In some of the Western Reserve Ohio towns schools of this sort have already been abolished, and in their stead may be found in a central part of the township a large two-storied structure, usually made of brick. The school having this liberal space can, from its systematized and various grades, make education more complete and carry it further than the best district school has ever been able to do.

To this central point all the school-children are brought in stages furnished for free transportation by the town. The vehicles hold about twenty-five pupils, are comfortably fitted up, and are arranged so as to be either open or covered. The routes, which are made to pass every house, are open to competitive bidders. The drivers of the stages go in the morning to the extremest limits of the township, and blow a horn when within ear-shot of a house to notify the children who are to take passage. When the school hours are over, the stage reappears, and the scholars are taken home. The system has been going but about two years, but it is said to work perfectly.

It needs no argument to show that this massing of scattered forces brings many advantages. There is an opportunity for more and better classes, for more and better ventilated space, and for a quietness that cannot be had where a babel of recitations and study go on together. The school management is not only made better, but it is accomplished with economy, as fewer teachers are needed. The total decrease in expense secured by massing from twelve to twenty weak schools into one strong one amounts to over one-third of the former outlay. The rides, as a substitute for trudging through rains and snow-storms, have proved of positive advantage to the pupils' health.

This new plan was vigorously opposed at first, but its production of social solidarity in the town, and its invigoration of frequent communication—along with the other advantages already noted—have made it so popular that new legislation has been secured to support and extend it.

The passing of the district school seems a little startling, and more than a little pathetic. It has been the nursery of our greatest men and served the republic well. But new times bring new necessities. Social and business aims can now be better subserved, it is easy to see, by concentration and its added power. And the bringing of rural people more together and more in touch with each other will itself, were nothing else to result, make an enduring compensation for the district school's departure.

AUSTRALIAN FEDERATION.

A little more than two years ago a meeting, attended by nearly all the premiers of the British colonies of Australasia, decided unanimously that the time had arrived for the practical federation of the colonies into something resembling the present Dominion of Canada. The hearty agreement of the premiers at Hobart, and the practical form taken by their deliberations, led a large number of persons, both in Australia and elsewhere, to expect that the work would be far advanced, if not completed, within the period of two years which has elapsed since then.

At the time we pointed out that it was by no means unlikely that some of these expectations would prove to be over-sanguine, and we went so far as to express serious doubts whether all of the colonies would be found willing to enter into a federation at all. The past two years have fully justified the doubts we then expressed, and have shown that the task of consolidating self-governing colonies, except under the pressure of some strong conviction of overriding necessity, must always be surrounded by many difficulties, and can only be carried out by the exercise of great patience and delicate diplomacy. At the present time the position of the movement is this: The colonies of New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, and Tasmania have passed the statute agreed upon by the premiers, and the election of delegates to represent these colonies at the federal convention is to take place at the end of March; the colony of West Australia has passed a statute which authorizes its Parliament to elect and to send delegates to the convention without the sanction of a popular election; the colony of Queensland has finally negatived the federation-enabling bill, and so declined to send representatives to the convention at all; and the colony of New Zealand has never been even asked by its government to consider the question.

The convention, therefore, which will meet about the end of April or early in May, will fully represent the people of the central colonies only of the

Australasian group. The people of the great western colony will be very partially represented, and rather in the character of advisers and observers than of actual parties to the proceedings; those of the great eastern colony will be absent altogether; while those of the outlying island colony of New Zealand have indicated their opinion that federation with the mainland is not desirable for them.

The task which will be laid upon the forth-coming convention will be not the less difficult because of the reluctance of the two great territorial colonies of the east and west to commit themselves to its decisions. It is felt in Australia that while the defection of New Zealand, at a distance of more than a thousand miles from the continent, matters little to the cause of federation, that of colonies embracing considerably more than one-half the area of the continent itself is a matter so serious that it may well prove almost fatal to the scheme.

The real difficulty, indeed, is this, that the colonies smaller in area are by far the more populous at present, while the settlers in the larger colonies are apprehensive that their special interests might be at the mercy of the larger populations, and their vast areas of unoccupied and almost unexplored land might practically be administered rather for the benefit of others than of themselves. Unless the convention can agree upon a constitution which shall remove this suspicion, there is no hope of inducing either West Australia or Queensland to come into the proposed federation. It may be regarded as almost certain that such a scheme of federation as that of Canada would be rejected without hesitation. The colonies of Australasia have prospered so amazingly under separate colonial parliaments that they will not consent to anything less than the very strongest safeguarding of state rights in any federal constitution. Whether the forty leading men of the four colonies fully committed to the project will be able when they meet to formulate a constitution likely to provide efficient safeguards for individual action by the states, and at the same time to give the federal bond any real stability and effective value, is a question only results can answer. Should they fail to do so, there will be little ground for surprise. It must be remembered that the conditions of Australia are unlike those of this country in the all-important respect that there is nothing in the way of external pressure impelling them to federate, while they are unlike those of Canada owing to the great diversity of the situation, climate, and condition of the colonies proposing to unite. With them it is a mere question of sentiment at present. No enemy threatens or can very well at any time threaten them, and so the great instinct of self-preservation cannot be enlisted to any considerable extent in favor of union. The question is little more with them than an economic one, and when it becomes a matter of profit or loss, there may easily be very many things said on both sides of the question.

NAVAL NOMENCLATURE.

Our naval nomenclature has never been very happy. It was not until forty years ago, when we launched the last and the finest of the wooden walls that we had a systematic nomenclature. The line-of-battle ships were still to be named for States, only we did not build any. But the naming of frigates for rivers, and of first-class corvettes for cities, and of second-class corvettes—really gunboats—for Indian tribes, was at least an intelligible system of classification, if not an inspiring method of recalling patriotic glories. This is what the legal system came to, although in fact second-rates could be named after either rivers or towns.

Now those who go down to sea in battle-ships recall in the names of their vessels the maritime glories of Indiana and Iowa, or, if they go down in cruisers, may rejoice in the names of American towns, "though inland far they be," like Minneapolis and Chicago. Only in the "steamships of the third class," which are to be named "as the President may direct," can our naval glories be echoed by the commemoration of our naval heroes. And the steamships of the third class in the new navy seem to be confined to the torpedo-boats. Hence it has happened that when a desire to do honor to Farragut made itself felt in the department, there was no better mode of appeasing it than to name a torpedo-boat after the hero of New Orleans and Mobile Bay.

Evidently—evidently at least to everybody outside of the department—this commemoration is what the French call "relatively derisory." Everybody interested in the fame of Farragut would desire that if it could not be commemorated in a war-ship above the grade of a torpedo-boat, it should not be commemorated at all. Fancy the British Admiralty christening its tenders and launches after "Blake and mighty Nelson!" In fact, we have seen the naval namesake of the earlier of these admirals. She was the flag-ship of the British squadron in these waters four years ago, and she was worthy of her sponsorship. It is true that an amendment to the law would be required to commemorate the Hulls and Decaturs and Lawrences and Farraguts of our naval history, and such an amendment ought to be made. But in the mean while it is at least in the power of the department to abstain from commemorating them by means of the small-fry of the fleet.

A GRAVE RESPONSIBILITY.

The Republican leaders in Washington cannot too soon meet together to take with all possible soberness of spirit a survey of the political situation. They certainly do not all belong to that class of blind partisans who never learn and never forget anything; and the events of the last ten years cannot have failed to teach them the important lesson that neither of the two great parties commands votes enough to be sure of carrying a general election without the aid of the constantly increasing number of citizens whose political action is not regularly controlled by party allegiance.

After the election of General Harrison to the Presidency in 1888, all looked serene for the Republicans, who counted firmly upon a long lease of power. Two years later, in 1890, after the enactment of the McKinley tariff law, they suffered in the Congressional elections a defeat which made their heads swim. What was the cause? That in the opinion of a great many citizens the Republicans had abused their power in making a tariff for the benefit of favored industries without due regard for the interests—or, let us say, for the feelings—of the consumers, who at once felt the rise in the cost of living. The Republican defeat in 1892 followed. Then came the Cleveland administration and the Gorman-Bryce tariff, and thereupon the Democratic defeat in the election of 1894. What was the cause of this overthrow? Republicans grossly deceive themselves if they think that they won because the American people resented the reduction of the McKinley duties by what Republican stump-speakers called the "free-trade tariff." Every intelligent person knows that it was no free-trade tariff at all—that it was, on the contrary, sufficiently protective to satisfy prudent protectionists, many of whom frankly said so. No, the Democratic defeat in 1894 was owing to the disgust created by the behavior of the Democrats in Congress, who had in the extra session of 1893 worked with the silver men to prevent the repeal of the Sherman act, and who at the regular session had disfigured the original tariff reform scheme by treacherously playing into the hands of the Sugar Trust and of other corporate interests, thus creating the impression that their party was at the mercy of selfish schemers and demagogues unfit to be trusted with the conduct of the government. This view of the case will readily be confirmed by those who at that period stood outside of the party camps, and thus had the best opportunities for observing the changes that were going on.

Still more grossly do the Republicans deceive themselves if they attribute Mr. McKinley's election to any charm exercised by the protection policy upon the popular mind. How subordinate a part the tariff played in the campaign everybody knows who had eyes to see and ears to hear. No fair-minded man can analyze the vote statistics of the late election without concluding that more than a million voters cast their ballots for Mr. McKinley not because of his being an advocate of protection, but in spite of it—having only the money issue in their minds. Had those votes been transferred to the other side, Mr. McKinley would have been overwhelmingly defeated.

These allies of the Republican party in the late election do not demand, nor would they accept, any reward in the shape of office. Neither were they so unreasonable as to expect that after the common victory the Republicans would adopt their views on the tariff question. But they clearly did have a right to expect two things: that the party put in power with their aid would use that power before all things for the object in behalf of which the common victory had been won; and, secondly, that in changing the tariff it would proceed with moderation, aiming mainly at the raising of a sufficient revenue for an economical administration of the government. The fairness of this expectation seemed to be fully recognized on the Republican side. During, and also immediately after, the campaign, Republican leaders caused it to be understood that the money question would, of course, have the precedence, and that the changes in the tariff would be kept within bounds. President McKinley, too, in his inaugural address, gave the money question the first place, urged with all possible emphasis the "severest economy" in public expenditures, and discussed the tariff question in a manner which, although distinctly favoring protection, still permitted the belief that no extreme measure was contemplated. The new President's first official utterance was, therefore, received in the kindliest spirit by the Democrats and independents who had aided in his election.

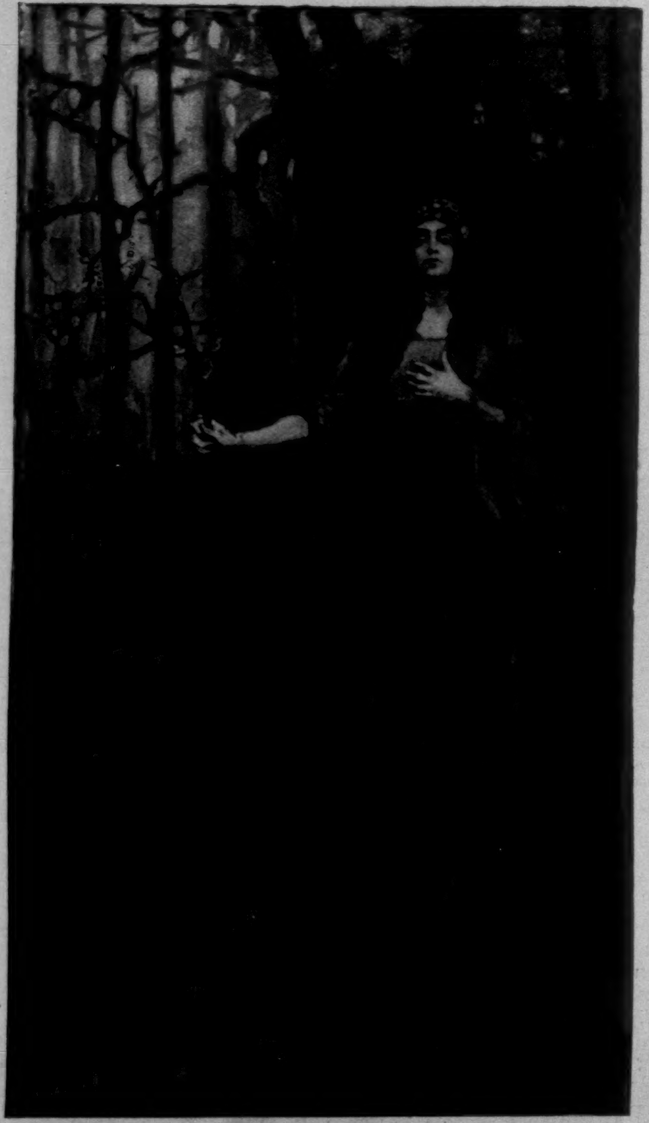
But the message with which the President opened the special session of Congress produced among the same class of citizens a feeling of disappointment. It not only had not a word on the money question, but directly recommended the postponement of all "other business" until after the passage of a new tariff act. And although several appropriation bills left over from the late Congress, which the chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means had characterized as excessive in their provisions, had to be re-enacted, the message contained not a hint at that "severest economy" which only a few days ago the President had so earnestly urged, and which, if practised, would greatly reduce the amount of revenue needed. The disappointment was much intensified by the actual appearance of the Dingley tariff bill, which, in important respects, reaches and even exceeds the highest measure of protection the country has ever known.

It is not intended here to discuss the intrinsic merit of the policy pursued, but only its political effects. If the Republicans in Washington read the newspapers, they will find that the silver Democratic press talks of that policy in a jeering tone, as if, looking to the future, it rather enjoyed the performance. The Democratic and independent papers which directly or indirectly supported McKinley do not conceal their indignation at what they consider a breach of faith. But, more significant still, many Republican organs, some of the most important, speak of it not only with disapproval, but with profound concern as to consequences, ominously presaging an overthrow like that of 1890. For this they have good reason; for the present policy bears exactly those features by which the violent reaction of 1890 was provoked. And the provocation is now even aggravated by the fact that a common victory won by a combination of forces is being taken advantage of by its immediate beneficiaries for purposes different from those for which the common battle had been fought. But in another far graver aspect is the present situation more serious than was that of 1890 and 1892. The defeat of the Republicans meant then only the passing of the government into the hands of another party, which, so long as Mr. Cleveland stood at its head, was bound to a conservative policy. But what would become of the country if the government should fall into the hands of the Democratic party as it is now?

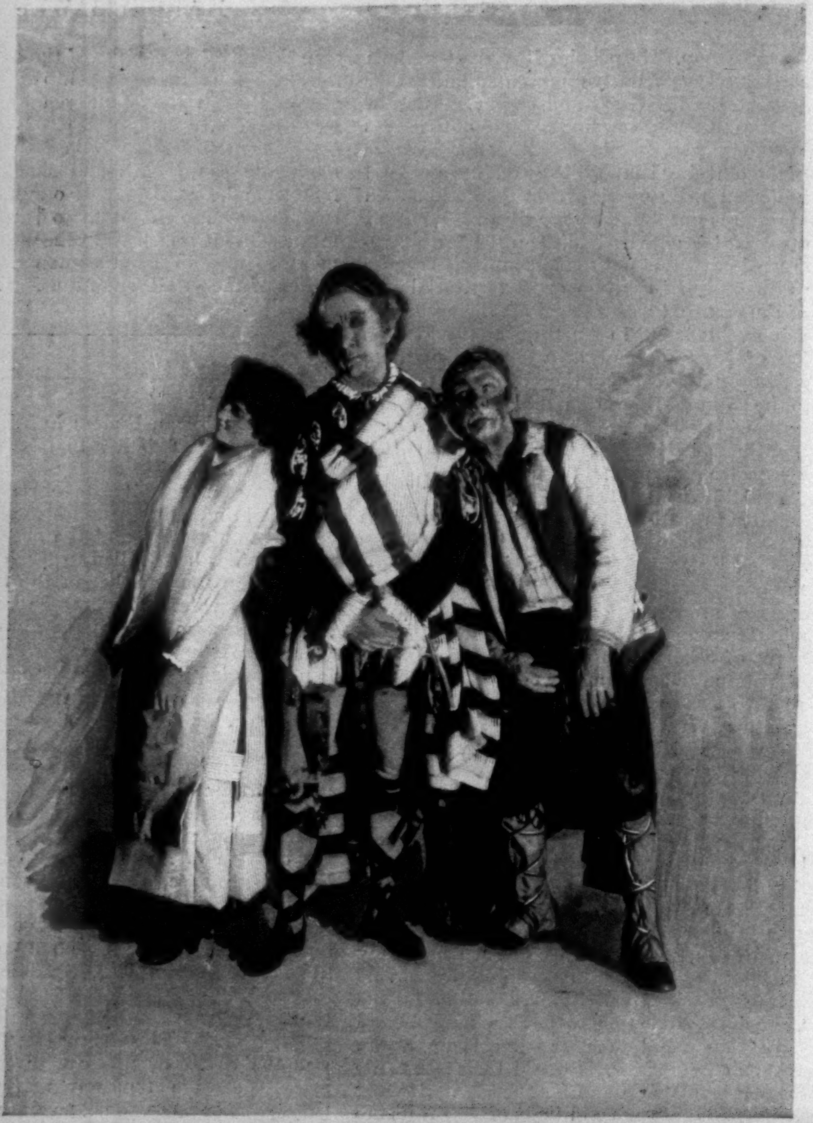
To prevent a catastrophe so full of disaster and dishonor, a combination of forces will be needed at least as strong as that which prevented it last year. The possibility of such a combination should therefore be to every patriotic sound-money man an object of the utmost solicitude. That possibility would be preserved if the Republicans in power faithfully devoted themselves before all to the task of giving the country a sound monetary system, with liberal banking facilities, while at the same time providing adequate revenue for a government managed with the "severe economy" recommended in the President's inaugural. But that possibility is seriously jeoparded by a policy relegating the money question to the rear and launching forth new ventures of extreme protectionism, with a decided tendency to continue in the old ways of wanton extravagance. The Republicans should indulge in no delusions. They need only watch the local elections to perceive that the current is already against them. If this current continues, it will make the election of a Democratic House of Representatives next year probable. Any important mistake committed in Washington will make it certain. It is useless to say that the sound-money Democrats and the independents will be bound to support the Republicans in spite of it all, on account of the money question. There are many who would do so. But would there be enough of them? And will it not be criminal recklessness to count upon there remaining enough while all possible things are done to drive them away?

In thus risking, for whatever object, the future of the sound-money cause, and with it the honor and prosperity of the nation, the Republicans in power are taking upon themselves a responsibility so grave that a patriot, or even a mere politician of ordinary sagacity, might well shrink from it.

Carl Schurz.



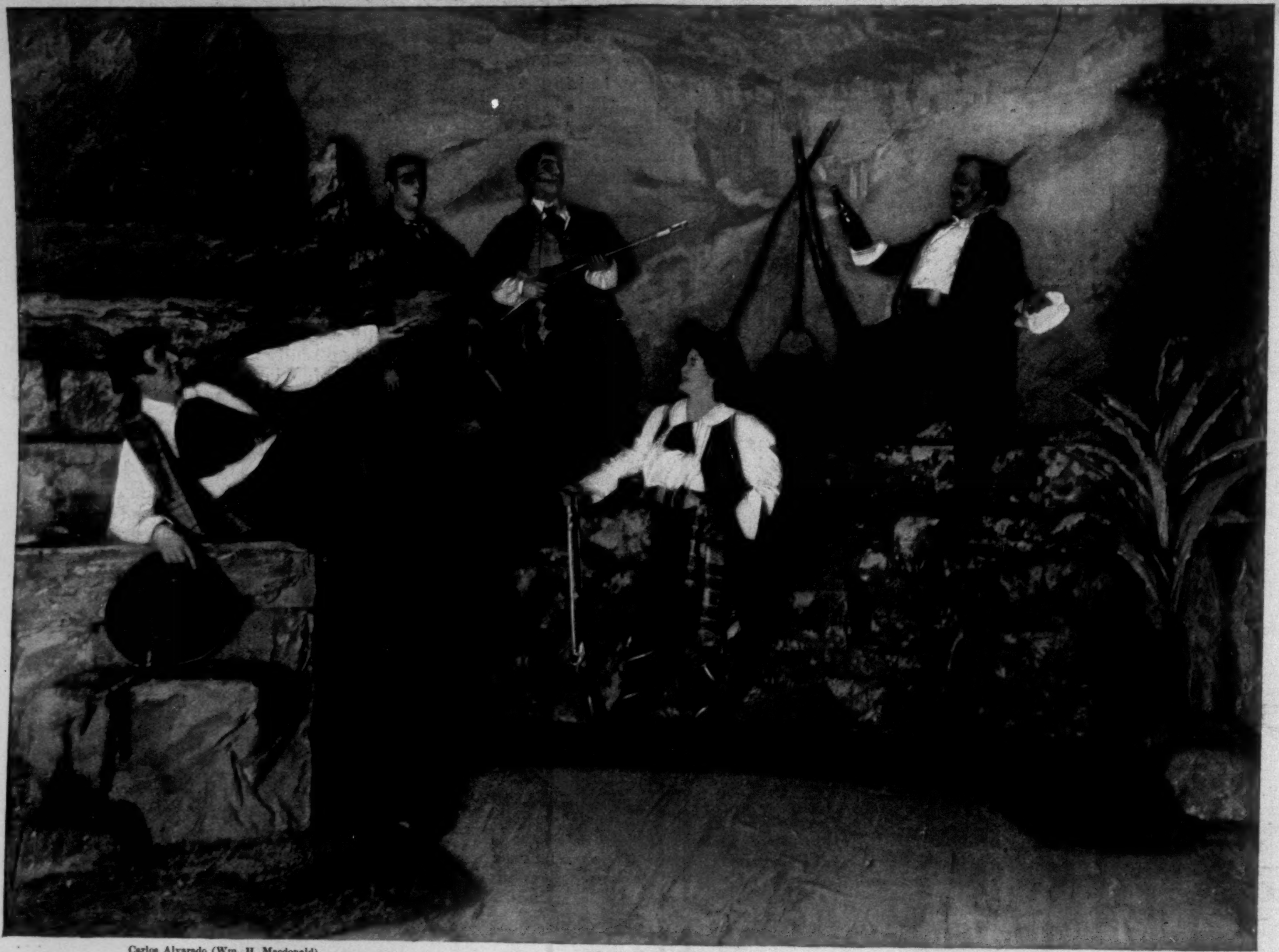
ADA REHAN IN "MEG MERRILIES," AS PRODUCED AT DALY'S THEATRE, NEW YORK.
DRAWN BY C. A. GILBERT.—[SEE "MUSIC AND DRAMA," PAGE 334.]



Yvonne (Alice Nielsen). The Duke of Santa Cruz (H. C. Barnabee). Gomez (George Frothingham).

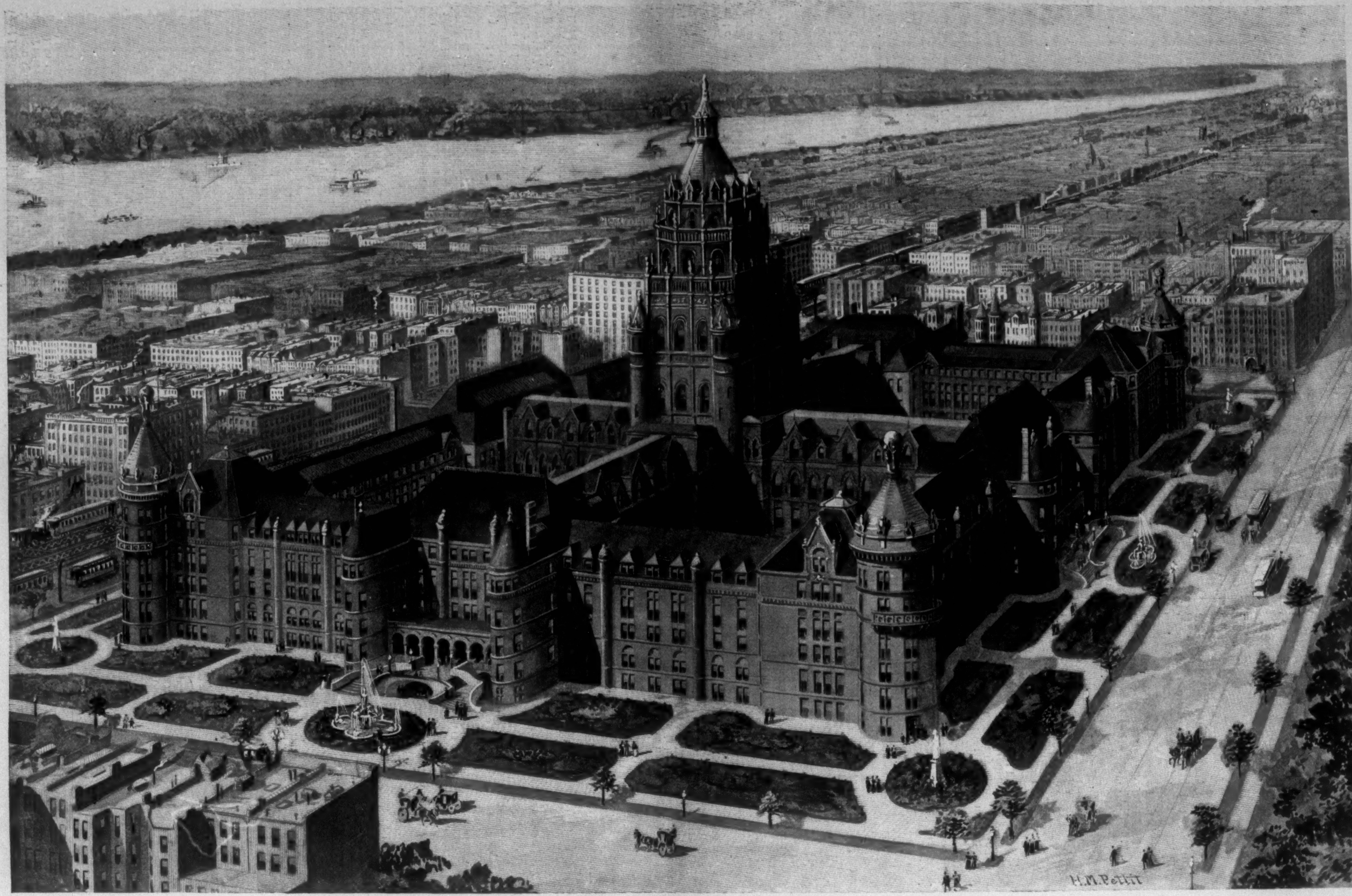
"THE SERENADE"—ACT III.—THE DREAMING TRIO.

Lopez (Wm. E. Philp). Romero (Eugene Cowles).



Carlos Alvarado (Wm. H. Macdonald). Dolores (Jessie Bartlett Davis). Colombo (Harry Brown).

A GROUP FROM "THE SERENADE," THE NEW COMIC OPERA BY VICTOR HERBERT AND HARRY B. SMITH.
PRODUCED AT THE KNICKERBOCKER THEATRE, NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 346.]



THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, MANHATTAN SQUARE, NEW YORK, AS IT WILL APPEAR WHEN COMPLETED.—DRAWN BY H. M. PETTIT.—[SEE PAGE 347.]

FOREIGN NOTES.

FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW.

London, *March 10, 1897.*

There is more of royalty about the chief magistrate of the city of London than about the monarch who for sixty years has been Queen of the English people. The official residence of this municipal magnate is opposite the Bank of England, in the very heart of the world's commercial centre, and here is a courtly pomp outshining in splendor Buckingham Palace or Windsor Castle. The Queen of England receives ambassadors as head of her government, but when the Lord Mayor of London entertains a distinguished foreign guest there is a general understanding that he must be more than the guest of a Queen or a Prime Minister—nothing less than a guest of the nation.

A week ago last night our ambassador sat on the right and the English Prime Minister on the left of the London Lord Mayor. About three hundred of England's most distinguished men were gathered together from differing parties and pursuits to do honor to Mr. Bayard on the occasion of his laying down the office he has filled for the past four years. Among the guests it was impossible for me to see more than the few in my immediate neighborhood, but these were varied enough to indicate what I have said. There were soldiers, statesmen, high officials, diplomatists, journalists, and men of letters. The presidents of the principal learned societies were present—in short, nothing was omitted that could give the dinner its quality of being a reflex of English public sentiment at this moment.

There were diplomatic representatives also present, and these must have felt strangely perplexed at what they saw, which was all most unprofessional—most opposite to the usual routine of diplomacy. Hitherto, and especially since the Holy Alliance which followed the Peace of Vienna in 1814, ambassadors have been regarded as peculiarly the personal representatives of a sovereign. At that time the Kings and Kaisers of Europe organized themselves into a secret society for the purpose of suppressing popular discussion, and effectually putting an end to such movements as the French Revolution of 1789. The ambassador travelled in royal state, and was received with almost royal honors. The embassy was technically a royal palace, and its inhabitant held intercourse only with the small circle of the court to which he was accredited. The ambassadors of Russia and Germany represent in no sense the people of their countries, and would burst with indignation at the bare suggestion that they, in England, should have relations with any other person than the Queen or her Secretary for Foreign Affairs.

This year, 1897, on the last day of Grover Cleveland's term as President, diplomatic history enters a new and higher stage. The speeches made that night by Mr. Bayard and Lord Salisbury were remarkable when read in the light of past diplomatic usage. Lord Salisbury represents not merely the Queen, who is a lineal descendant of George III., but is himself the political champion of the English Tories who drove the American colonies into rebellion and carried on a disastrous war against them for seven years. This was the man who rose last night in the name of all Englishmen for the purpose of extending to the people of the United States the hand of friendship. Freedom and frankness characterized the words employed by this broad-minded Tory, and that his language was well chosen is attested by the generous applause which greeted every reference to good understanding between all people of common tongue and ancestry. There was an absence of flattery and other hypocrisy. Here was no shallow Triple Alliance pretending to unite those whom God has unmistakably put asunder. Here was an unwritten treaty based upon the common needs of two great self-governing English-speaking nations.

The arbitration treaty proposed between England and our country cannot put an end to war any more than can laws against duelling prevent manslaughter. But by this act we at least give notice that the relations between the English-speaking people of the world are different from those between nations that have not a common tongue. War with England cannot be made impossible, but it is a proud achievement of American diplomacy that such a war must in the future be regarded as not so much national as civil.

Official Germany is putting on all the appearance of popular enthusiasm because of the centennial birthday of the late Emperor William I. He was a great King, for he selected men capable of doing great things. But the German government goes somewhat far in pretending that he alone has made his country great. At the beginning of this month the chief official of the province of Brandenburg made a speech at a dinner given in honor of the German Emperor, who was present. The official report quotes him as saying that the greatness of the German father-land is due to the Hohenzollerns alone. This is a species of flattery familiar to Chinese mandarins, and was largely cultivated during the decadence of the Roman Empire, when Emperors were deified and worshipped as sacred beings. But the German Emperor of to-day, who has a keen sense of humor, and is withal a practical man of affairs, no doubt smiled to himself at the gross flattery of this well-meaning courtier. Every German schoolboy knows that in the year 1813, when the Hohenzollern monarch had reduced his country to the level of a conquered province of France, it was the uprising of German citizens, in despite of their King, that drove Napoleon beyond the Rhine, and laid the foundation of the present German Empire. That King of Prussia was succeeded by his eldest son, who was so intimidated by the mob of Berlin that he granted to the people constitutional liberties in the stormy days of 1848. At that time the late William I. was so unpopular a prince that he was forced to seek safety by flying to the shelter of Carlton House Terrace in London—the same terrace, by-the-way, which John Hay has selected for the American embassy. Germany owes much to her Hohenzollern rulers, but she owes still more to her loyal and patriotic citizens, especially to those who have been loyal enough to oppose their own government when that government was pursuing a course of action prejudicial to the welfare of the nation.

What the German Emperor answered to this adulation of his courtier I cannot say, for I was not present, and the reports of his speech differ. Indeed, it is curious that there should ever be any doubt as to the language used by the ruler of the state on occasions when every word is cabled to the remotest corners of the earth, and is presumed to have political weight. On the many occasions when I have listened to after-dinner speeches by this Emperor, I have been nearly always surprised to find that the alleged report of his words has varied materially from what reached my own ears. Sometimes the variance has been so great that I did not venture to insist upon my version until I had compared it with what others in the same room had heard.

The Emperor is one of the best after-dinner speakers it has been my privilege to listen to. He is never commonplace, never wearisome; never uses language that could make the audience think that his speech had been written for him. His words are like himself—original, forcible, and at times eloquent. He believes that God has intrusted him with a great mission on earth, and he says so frankly and fearlessly. In this respect he has the advantage over a herd of hypocrites who do not believe their own words, while publicly endorsing the views of their sovereign.

An Emperor knows very little of public sentiment, excepting as it filters through the muddy minds of his nearest officials; and if it ever happens that these men are ignorant or wilfully blind advisers, the Prussian King of to-day may find himself in a state quite as perilous as that which wrecked the fortunes of Frederick William III. about the time of the battle of Jena.

The most remarkable feature of the great celebration that is going on now in honor of William I.'s birthday (March 22, 1797) is a demonstration made by the athletic societies of the father-land in the neighborhood of Berlin. There are to be rowing matches exclusively between German crews, and the Emperor will probably personally pass these young men in review. It is noteworthy that in the earlier part of this century gymnastic societies were suppressed in Germany, because they were assumed to be nurseries for liberal sentiments, if not revolutionary propaganda. The high conservative element about the Prussian court has always treated youthful societies with athletic proclivities as no better than socialist clubs, and of all high conservatives the highest was the venerable William I. when he became King of Prussia. This Emperor loves the memory of his grandfather, and yet has thrown himself heart and soul into every movement calculated to give improved physical development to the young men of Germany. He has endeavored to teach university students that personal honor can be vindicated by winning a boat-race quite as effectively as by carving up one's cheeks and then perpetuating the scars by means of acid. He has offered prizes for rowing among schoolboys, for sailing matches of every grade, and has done better still by going ahead with a good example. To-day he is honoring the memory of an absolute Prussian King and German Emperor by encouraging the very athletic societies which in that monarch's time would have been put under the ban of the police. Those of us who are persistently criticising William II. should now and then dwell upon actions such as these.

Poultney Bigelow.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

How fortunate it is that once in a while there occurs the representation of such a play as *L'Arlésienne!* Were it not so, the public might be deluded into the notion that there is some authority and significance in dramatic criticism "as she is wrote"; but when, in the course of human events, *L'Arlésienne*, or anything akin to it, comes along, the philistine stands aghast and the ignoramus stands revealed. The production at the Broadway Theatre of Daudet's drama with Bizet's music may not contribute materially to the gayety of nations; but if it has done nothing else, it has furnished an edifying illustration of the futility of criticism. For many seasons past there has been no play regarding which doctors have disagreed so portentously and absolutely. In expressing their opinions of this work, the Gothamite censors have run the gamut from dithyrambic praise to the depth of contumely. *L'Arlésienne* has been variously described as everything from a poetic epitome of all human passions to the amateurish twaddle of a scribbling schoolboy. There has never been a more striking demonstration of the worthlessness of a chance one-man opinion in regard to a work of art or literature. When one reads the verdict of an experienced and recognized critic that M. Daudet's play is drivel, and then turns to an equally well-accredited authority only to be assured that it is an art work of the greatest value and importance, one naturally approaches the subject with a delicate hesitancy. Is it not like the old wrangle of the apostle and the philistine over Wordsworth? To the former the Lyrical Ballads represent the most profound human philosophy; to the other they are the babblings of second childhood. One's opinion of such a work as the Daudet drama, whether he be a sympathetic auditor or a scoffing critic, depends upon his temperament and his point of view. Some clever people ridicule Wordsworth in his deepest and most serious moods; and these clever people are not likely to enthuse over *L'Arlésienne*. It is not an entertainment such as the great majority of Americans expect when they go to the theatre. The story is simplicity itself, unless one looks below the surface and studies the psychology of the characters, their motives, and the philosophical idea underlying each. Its only analogue in English literature is one of Tennyson's pastorals in blank verse. *L'Arlésienne* is a work which may be regarded as a simple and ingenuous performance, or it may be considered a study of the finest insight and of intense human interest. The reception of this play in certain quarters is like the attitude of the masses toward Wagner, or Ibsen, or Browning. All depends upon temperament and the point of view. Considered superficially and from the stand-point of a theatrical reporter, *L'Arlésienne* is nothing more than a dull melodrama; but, apart from this casual view, the work seems to be one in which, as in a fine poem, one may see as much as he pleases. As a jest's prosperity lies in the ear of him who hears it, so the significance of a work of art or of imaginative literature lies in the mind of the person to whom it makes appeal. In *Hamlet* Shakespeare probably saw less than his commentators have seen. If one considers the esoteric phases of *L'Arlésienne* there is no end to its meanings and philosophy, and pages might be written to prove the height, depth, and breadth of the play. Such a disquisition would be mainly in the nature of guesses as to what Daudet meant, and might at length have to be referred to him. In that case the novelist might reply, as Browning is alleged to have done when asked the meaning of one of his poems, that he supposed he knew when he wrote it, but had forgotten. A curious point of originality about the play is that the dominant character is merely talked about and never appears. This is impressive and suggestive, making an irresistible appeal to the imagination. The auditor has a constant desire to see this mischief-making siren, and to know what she is like; yet there can be no question of the superior force of her suggested presence. After hearing her talked of and seeing the effects of which she is the cause, one feels that there is no actress on the stage who could realize her, excepting perhaps Emma Calvé. Not to go too deeply into guess-work regarding M. Daudet's intentions, the play seems to be a thesis to demonstrate that the passion of a man for a woman is the strongest of personal human forces, that it is the most selfish of emotions, and of infinite capacity for the working of evil, not only to its direct victims, but to all about them. Contrasted with this force is the study of maternal affection. The love of a mother is proverbially unselfish; but Daudet here shows that a mother's love is quite as selfish as the other sort. Turning to Vivette and Mitifio, one finds that their loves, very different of course, are, each in its way, quite as egoistic and self-interested. Perhaps M. Daudet means that all human love is selfish, and when he shows us the two octogenarian lovers who, parted in youth, meet in age after years of resignation hardly to be called happiness, it may be that he means that selfish love is best, and should be given its loose rein. I am inclined to think that Frederi would have been a deal happier if he had married his culpable sweetheart, the woman of Arles. Certainly he would not have been any more miserable than he was without her, and with equal certainty the Mamaï family would have had a more cheerful time of it had Mitifio kept away with his mischievous letters. One thing I would be glad to have explained by Mr. Meltzer, the translator of the play, for he is a close student of modern literature, and withal the gods have made him poetical. I would fain have a libretto to tell me what psychological significance has the Innocent with his gradually returning wits. The fact that a congenital idiot never becomes rational is, I believe, confirmed by scientists; therefore, as there is physiological falsity in the character of the Innocent, there is probably some symbolism. As an acting play *L'Arlésienne* is monotonously sombre, but it is nearly always interesting, unless indeed the auditor is one who is bound body and soul to farce or vaudeville. The cast given the play at the Broadway Theatre is more than ordinarily competent. The most striking characterizations are those of Mrs. Agnes Booth (as Rose Mamaï, the mother) and John Kellerd (as Frederi, the youth whose infatuation for the woman of Arles is the main-spring of the troublous action). Mr. Kellerd's acting has not met with unanimous approval, principally for the reason that he is handicapped by the character of Frederi. To robust Anglo-Saxon minds a full-grown man who has no more nerve and self-respect than this lovelorn Frederi is repellent, and the robust Anglo-Saxon foot aches to kick him. But the character is there, a Provençal simpleton dying of love, crying for a green-cheese moon, and it is difficult to see how any actor could make the part more sympathetic. Mr. Kellerd realizes the dramatist's conception. Mrs. Booth plays with finished art and splendid technique. In the last act she stirred the audience deeply by her intensity, particularly in that great speech in which Daudet has interpreted the feelings of motherhood. This speech is an inspiration. When he wrote it, Daudet must have borrowed Balzac's pass-key and gotten into a mother's heart. It has been stated that in Paris, when Balthazar, the old shepherd, meets the sweetheart whom he has not seen for fifty years, the audience was always moved to tears. American audiences, however, are irreverent; they are always looking for a laugh. They laugh even at some scenes in *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*. They giggled at Balthazar and Renaude and the kiss that had been kept on ice for half a century. Yet Mr. Kent played the old shepherd with the greatest possible tact and earnestness. Bizet's music was probably the chief cause of the production of *L'Arlésienne*, the projector of the enterprise being in a position to realize the fascination that *Carmen* has for the public; yet the music is, most of it, far from being a novelty here. Several years ago Mr. Theodore Thomas introduced the suite arranged for concert by the composer, and it has since been played frequently by representative American orchestras. However, there is no doubt that the music gains immensely in effect when given in connection with the scenes it was designed to illustrate. The music is the one feature of the present representation that is generally enjoyed. The play interests only those who care for the drama as an art, those who do not look upon the stage merely as a means of entertainment.

In the present craze for Scottish dialect in literature, it seemed a timely thought of Mr. Augustin Daly's, that of reviving *Guy Mannering*, for the production brought forward as fine a lot of assorted dialects as the most enthusiastic pilgrim to Drumtochty could desire. It may be questioned whether the recent presentation at Daly's could fairly be called a revival, for everything about the old play was changed, even the title, which was converted to *Meg Merrilies*, as it should be. When Miss Cushman starred as Meg, the drama was hopelessly dreary, excepting for occasional doses of Dominie Sampson and Dandie Dinmont; but Mr. Daly is sagacious, and knows that the world has grown gayer if not better, so in deference to the American taste for frivolity, *Guy*—or rather *Meg*—was enlivened in plot, music, and incident. Doubtless the principal reason for the play's presentation was the intention to exploit Miss Rehan in a line of work with which she has not been identified. Her characterization was carefully studied, and had moments of real power; but the public evidently prefers Miss Rehan without wrinkles and gray grease-paint. At all events the patrons of Daly's show a decided preference for her Donna Violante in *The Wonder*.

Harry B. Smith.

THIS BUSY WORLD

The Authors' Club dinner to Mr. R. H. Stoddard on March 25, at the Hotel Savoy, was a notable and fitting compliment to a venerable man of letters. The hundred and fifty gentlemen who gathered to do Mr. Stoddard honor included most of his old friends living in New York, many younger men, and a considerable delegation from out of town. Mr. Stedman proposed the health of the guest in a charming speech of felicitation. Mr. Stoddard replied with a poem written for the occasion; and Judge Howland, in behalf of the Century Association, placed some oratorical chaplets on Mr. Stoddard's honored brow and told stories of the epoch before the war (which he assumed to remember), when the retreat known as Pfaff's still flourished, and writers, talkers, and listeners met there and drank beer. Mrs. Stoddard, who was present in the gallery, was toasted too, at the instigation of Mr. Laurence Hutton, and her son responded. Men who were there were glad and showed it, and many men who wished they might have been there expressed their feelings in letters (some of them in poems), which were read by Mr. Ripley Hitchcock, the secretary of the committee.

It will be remembered that the two voyages of John and Sebastian Cabot, from Bristol, England, to North America, in 1497 and 1498, were of great moment in establishing British control in this part of the American continent. If the Cabots had not come when they did, and explored the coast and claimed everything in sight in the name of Henry VII., we might have been something materially different from what we are. It is felt in Bristol that the exploits of the Cabots were matters of great moment, and it is intended there to celebrate this year the four-hundredth anniversary of the beginning of the first voyage, and to erect a commemorative monument. To this end it is intended to raise about £5000, much of which has already been subscribed. A company of American exiles, living in London and elsewhere in England, think that the Americans should have a hand in this celebration and should subscribe part of the money. Whatever sum can be raised from American sources will probably be used to help pay for the monument. The exiles have issued a call for subscriptions for this purpose, which is headed by Ambassador Bayard, Consul-General Collins, Mr. Poultney Bigelow, Mr. Bret Harte, and fifteen other gentlemen. Subscriptions may be sent to the secretary of the fund, Mr. Lorin A. Lathrop, American consul at Bristol, England, or to Brown, Shipley, & Co., London, or to Brown Brothers & Co., New York. All subscriptions will be acknowledged by the secretary.

Apropos of a statement as to the steadily diminishing proportion of Yale graduates who become ministers, it was remarked the other day in this department of the **Weekly** that the pulpit seemed to be losing its attraction for Yale, and some hypotheses were advanced to account for it. The *Independent* is not impressed either by the fact or by the hypotheses. It says that there is no prevalent disinclination to enter the ministry, and that, though the proportion of ministers to the number of graduates of the Eastern colleges is less than formerly, those colleges still supply the local demand, sending out enough to fill the places of those who die, and to provide recruits for home and foreign mission fields. The reduced proportions seem to the *Independent* to be due to the great increase in the demand for college education as a preparation not only for the learned professions, but for business life. It speaks very much to the point when it says that the ministry is no longer the chief learned profession, and that now the universities educate "engineers of a dozen sorts, lawyers, physicians, teachers, merchants, farmers"; but even that does not explain the phenomenon that Yale classes nowadays seem to turn out not only a smaller proportion of ministers than formerly, but actually fewer ministers, and that though the classes have doubled and trebled in size. Smaller colleges, like Amherst, seem to be better feeders for the pulpit.

The New York *Herald*, which has a good many merits as a newspaper, has also some vexatious defects. Occasionally it prints portraits which it should not print, and not at all infrequently it tells very inaccurate stories. On March 24, for instance, the two most conspicuous headlines on its first page of news were "Grant's Tomb is Desecrated" and "Palace for Bishop Potter." The stories told under these heads were to the effect that an unknown vandal had chipped a quantity of granite from one of the pillow blocks of the sarcophagus in the Grant tomb, and that $400,000 was to be spent for a house for Bishop Potter, adjoining the Cathedral of St. John. It does not appear that either of these stories was true. The one about the bishop's house was corrected in the *Herald* next day, and people who had wasted a whole day's sympathy on Bishop Potter, under the impression that he was to be burdened with a four-hundred-thousand-dollar palace, learned that his house would cost only $80,000, which is much more reasonable. The talk about the disfigurement of the sarcophagus was denied absolutely in the *Sun* of March 25. The *Herald* costs three cents. A purchaser who squanders so large a sum as that on a newspaper ought to be reasonably sure that his time and his emotions will not be wasted over news that is not true. All newspapers make mistakes, and always will make them; but while some mistakes are excusable, too many are not. The *Herald* never hesitates to spend money for news, but it seems somewhat niggardly in its disbursements for accuracy. Accuracy is expensive and difficult. It is only conspicuous when it is absent. It spoils some good stories, and is unpleasantly restrictive in many particulars. It is hardly to be looked for in a one-cent paper, but a three-cent paper ought to be able to afford to have it, and buyers of three-cent papers are justified in making complaint if it is not furnished to them.

The American School of Classical Studies at Athens, founded in 1881 for the benefit of American students of literature, art, and antiquities in Athens, and to aid original research in these subjects, is supported in part by the income of an endowment-fund of $50,000, but chiefly by contributions from American colleges. It owns a building, and at present spends $7000 a year for salaries, books, the maintenance of its building, excavation, printing, and other matters incident to its work. It desires an endowment large enough to provide at least this much income, so that its continuance may be assured. In addition to the fund it already has it asks for a sum of $125,000. Its appeal comes endorsed by fifteen well-known persons, including Bishop Potter, Mr. James W. Alexander, Mr. Joseph H. Choate, President Seth Low, and Mr. H. G. Marquand, of New York; Mr. C. F. Adams 2d, of Boston; Professor C. E. Norton, of Cambridge; and Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, of Cincinnati, to any of whom subscriptions may be sent.

The American School of Classical Studies in Rome offers this year three fellowships of $600, $600, and $500, holders of which will study for ten months at Rome or thereabouts under the supervision of the director of the school. Applicants, Bachelors of Arts or others of like erudition, should convey to Professor C. L. Smith, 64 Sparks Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts, statements of what they have learned, endorsed by their instructors. This they must do before May 1, and in making their statements they must use blank forms, which Professor Smith will send to them if they ask him. After this year appointments will only be made upon examination.

Haverford (Pennsylvania) College, which lately inherited the estate, valued at $900,000, of the late Jacob P. Jones, of Philadelphia, does not propose to let a stroke of fortune turn its head, but wisely intends to keep right on as a college even though it may have income enough to set up as a university. Its endowment before this new windfall was $400,000. The new property is largely unproductive at present, but eventually it should make Haverford very, very comfortable.

Nansen's book, now in its second edition, finds increasing favor with buyers and readers, and keeps the presses busy. It has had no such set-back as happened to Dr. Kane's story of the Grinnell expedition in search of Sir John Franklin. That too was published by the Messrs. Harper, but while it was passing through the press in their establishment the fire of December 10, 1853, intervened and burned up nearly all of the edition. A few copies were completed and issued at that time. The plates were saved, reprinting began immediately, and the work was finally published on March 9, 1854. Dr. Kane's book is a single volume, 552 pages, containing five mezzotints, two maps, 140 wood-cuts, and eight lithographs.

It appears that Bangor, in Maine, is in more or less distress over a statue difficulty. Hannibal Hamlin lived in Bangor, and it has been known for some time that a sentiment existed in favor of a Hamlin memorial of some sort in that town. A correspondent of the Bangor *Whig* (who does not sign his name and whose accuracy is not here vouched for) says that when times were dull last summer a firm of manufacturers in New York who had a sculptor who was not busy concluded to try and do a little business with the Bangor folks, and had a model of Mr. Hamlin made, which it forwarded to Bangor, and offered to work out and set up for $25,000. The *Whig's* correspondent is indignant that any one should have had the assurance to propose to the Bangor people to buy a ready-made, job-lot statue without competition or any verdict of experts on the merits of the work. Yet he is not absolutely sure that the scheme may not succeed, and he feels that the objections to it should be vigorously urged.

There seem to be no sound ethical reasons why a firm of New York manufacturers should not make a statue and sell it to the Bangor people, or to any one else who can be induced to buy it; but there are plenty of first-rate reasons why Bangor people should not buy a statue of Hamlin unless they want to, and unless the statue offered is the best they can get for the money. It is pretty generally conceded nowadays that the way to get the best statue is to raise as much money as possible, and then award the job to the winner in an open competition with expert judges.

The log of the *Mayflower* is to be given to the people of the United States, and to be deposited in Pilgrim Hall at Plymouth, Massachusetts, or in some other safe place to be designated by the President. Everybody knows about the *Mayflower*, but comparatively few Americans ever heard of the log. In truth the manuscript that is coming is not a log, though it has received that nickname. It is an account of the voyage of the *Mayflower*, and a history of the Plymouth colony from 1602 to 1646, written by Governor William Bradford, and handed down in his family through at least four generations. Massachusetts was originally a part of the Diocese of London, and this manuscript, with others, found its way to the library of the See of London, where it was discovered in 1846. It contains a registry of births, marriages, and deaths of Pilgrims, and records about their property. At the desire of the government of Massachusetts, the American Antiquarian Society, the Massachusetts Historical Society, the Pilgrim Society of Plymouth, and the New England Society of New York, the President, through the American ambassador, asked that it be given to the United States. The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London backed the ambassador's request, and on March 25 a Consistory Court of the Diocese of London determined to gratify the President's wish, and to hand over the log to Mr. Bayard whenever he was ready to receive it. The only conditions of the transfer are that a photographic, certified copy of the book shall be left with the present custodians of it, and that the original shall be put in a safe place where persons concerned can have access to it.

By grace of this amiable concession an exceedingly interesting historical document comes to this country. We have worried along pretty comfortably without that log, but there is a satisfaction in knowing that some things are where they belong, and since the *Mayflower* manuscript unquestionably belongs in this country, it is well that it should come here. Inasmuch as it does not appear that the Senate has any say about the acceptance of this relic, it is probable that Mr. Bayard will bring it home with him when he comes, and that it will be received with grateful emotions by an appreciative nation.

Boston newspapers speak of the death of Charles Eliot, the oldest son of President Eliot, as a public calamity. Mr. Eliot was known, not in Boston alone, but very widely throughout the country, as an accomplished landscape-gardener, who already at thirty-seven had become one of the highest authorities in his profession. It is a profession in which the public is vitally interested, for most of the more important work of eminent contemporary landscape-gardeners in this country has been done for the public. Mr. Eliot, as secretary of the Trustees of Public Reservations in Massachusetts, was conspicuously instrumental in securing the preservation as public lands of many beautiful and historic places in Massachusetts. He was also, as adviser to the (Boston) Metropolitan Park Commission, a very important factor in the inception and development of Boston's famous new system of public parks. He studied his profession in the office of Frederick Law Olmsted, and at the time of his death was a member of the firm of which that gentleman is the senior partner. His death leaves a gap comparable to that left in another and much less indispensable profession by the untimely taking off of Edward Burgess.

A bill is on its way through the Legislature at Albany which provides for the incorporation of a manual-training school for women and girls, to be known as the Grace Institute of New York City. It is the legal expression of a purpose of Mr. William R. Grace, of New York, his wife, and his son, to provide for the practical education of women in sewing, cooking, and, in due time, in all kinds of work by which women can make a living. It is stated that Mr. Grace's brother, Mr. M. P. Grace, of London, is associated with him in this philanthropic design. It is understood that $200,000 will be provided immediately toward the execution of this plan. Mr. Grace is quoted as saying that it is his intention to erect a building where such instruction as he proposes can be given either without charge or at nominal rates of tuition. If the funds he intends to provide are insufficient, and are supplemented by other contributions, he suggests that the name of the institution may be changed, and other provisional plans be reconsidered. If the interest of his fund should enable an existing institution to do the work proposed, he is willing to consider the expediency of that method. What he desires is that girls and young women should have a chance to gain instruction and training of such a practical sort as will be useful to them in every-day life. For the manual education of boys he finds provision has been made, but he thinks that the interests of girls have been neglected. It is stated that at present Archbishop Corrigan is co-operating with Mr. Grace, and that it has been arranged that the instruction offered shall be given by Sisters of Mercy.

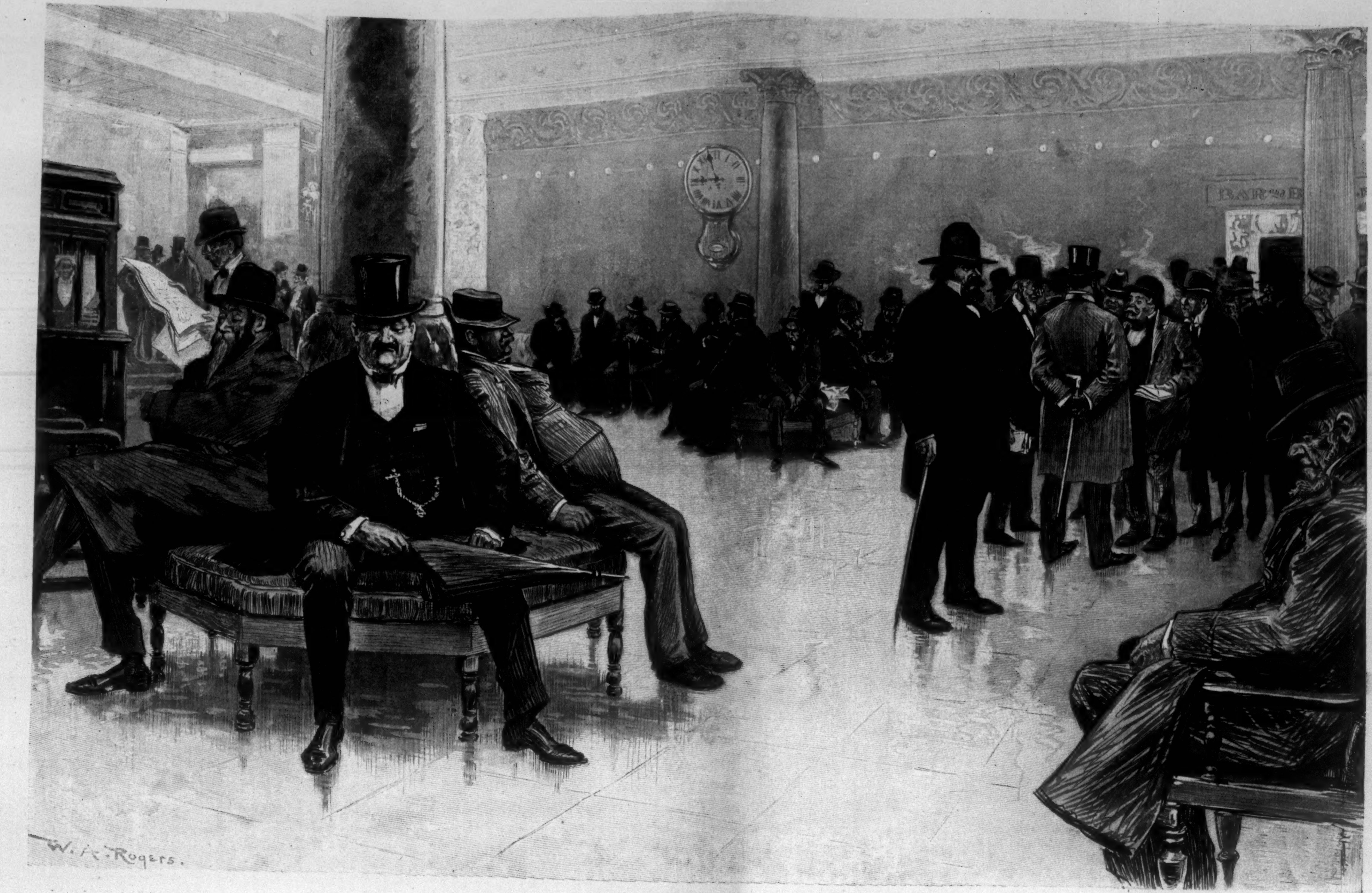
A highly edifying feature of a dinner lately given at Princeton to Professor Woodrow Wilson by sundry of his classmates was a long column of supposititious comments by eminent hands on his *Life of Washington*. They are not all as flattering as the real press notices, but they make somewhat livelier reading.

Mr. Morris K. Jesup, president of the American Museum of Natural History, at Seventy-seventh Street and Central Park West, has engaged to provide funds for an expedition, which is to start this spring, with the object of ascertaining whether or not America was primarily settled by tribes from Asia. It is matter of scientific dispute whether the early Americans came from Asia or not, and whether, if they did, they came across Bering Strait or by way of the tropical islands in the South Pacific. The Jesup expedition proposes to explore and investigate the coast of the North Pacific from the Columbia River up to Alaska on the American side, and on the Asiatic side northward from the shores of the Okhotsk Sea. Beginning this spring, the American shore will be explored, after that the Asiatic shore, and finally both shores of Bering Strait. The expedition will be under the general direction of Professor Putnam, curator of the anthropological department of the museum, while the field-work will be in charge of Dr. Franz Boas and Mr. Harlan I. Smith, assistants in the same department. The special labors they propose for themselves and their associates include the collection of skeletons, measurements of living people, collection of objects made and used, and of important natural products; excavations of village sites and examination of graves; the preparation of vocabularies of tribes, collections of myths, folk-lore, and traditions, and of objects illustrative of tribal games, ceremonies, and religions. Evidently there is work enough to occupy many skilled investigators for a considerable time. In the prescribed territory on the American side there are ten distinct languages spoken and thirty-seven dialects; and on the Asiatic side at least seven languages and ten dialects, and probably more. The cost of the investigation is estimated at between $50,000 and $75,000.

Dr. Nansen seems to be a natural leader of men, whose leadership is not questioned, and who is able to maintain discipline and command obedience by moral force without effort or dispute. It is remarked that among the five men who went with him to Greenland, and the twelve who were with him on the *Fram*, there seems to have been no question of discipline and no friction. Discussion was free and open, but Nansen's decision was final, and seemed to satisfy all hands. Captain Brown of the *Windward*, who brought Dr. Nansen home from Franz-Josef Land, speaks warmly of his pluck, his unfailing good humor, and his modesty.

The Committee on Prisons of the Massachusetts Legislature have been overhauling the jails of the commonwealth, and find some fault with the sheriff of Barnstable for employing a jailer who was over-indulgent to his prisoners. A specific charge against this jailer is that one day when he was trying to teach his wife to ride a bicycle he called on one of the prisoners to help him, and finding the man willing and proficient, gave the job over to him altogether. If the Massachusetts legislators think that to allow a prisoner to teach a woman to ride a bicycle is indulgent, it would be interesting to know what they would consider severe.

E. S. Martin.



WHERE OFFICE-SEEKERS CONGREGATE—SCENE IN THE LOBBY OF A WASHINGTON HOTEL.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.

JEROME—A POOR MAN.*

BY MARY E. WILKINS,

AUTHOR OF "PEMBROKE," "JANE FIELD," "MADELON," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. I. KELLER.

CHAPTER XIX.

IN these latter years Ann Edwards regarded her son Jerome with pride and admiration, and yet with a measure of disapproval. In spite of her fierce independence, a lifetime of poverty and struggle against the material odds of life had given a sordid taint to her character. She would give to the utmost out of her penury, though more from pride than benevolence; but when it came to labor without hire, that she did not understand.

"I 'ain't got anything to say against your watchin' with sick folks, an' nursin' of 'em, if you've got the spare time an' strength," she said to Jerome, "but if you do doctorin' for nothin' nobody 'll think anything of it. Folks 'll jest ride a free horse to death, an' talk about him all the time they're doin' of it. You might just as well be paid for your work as folks that go ridin' round in sulkies chargin' a dollar a visit. You want to get the mortgage paid up."

"It is almost paid up now, you know, mother," Jerome replied.

"How?" cried his mother, sharply. "By nippin' an' tuckin' an' pinchin', an' Elmira goin' without things that girls of her age ought to have."

"I don't complain, mother," said Elmira, with a sweet, bright glance at her brother, as she gave a nervous jerk of her slender arm and drew the waxed thread through the shoe she was binding.

"You'd ought to complain, if you don't," returned her mother. Then she added, with an air of severe mystery, "It might make a difference in your whole life if you did have more; sometimes it does with girls."

Jerome did not say anything, but he looked in a troubled way from his sister to his mother and back again. Elmira blushed hotly, and he could not understand why.

It was very early in a spring morning, not an hour after dawn, but they had eaten breakfast and were hurrying to finish closing and binding a lot of shoes for Jerome to take to his uncle's for finishing. They all worked smartly, and nothing more was said, but Ann Edwards had an air of having conclusively established the subject rather than dropped it. Jerome kept stealing troubled glances at his sister's pretty face. Elmira was a mystery to him, which was not strange, since he had not yet learned the letters of the heart of any girl, but she was somewhat of a mystery to her mother as well.

Elmira was then twenty-two, but she was very small, and looked no more than sixteen. She had the dreams and questioning wonder of extreme youth in her face, and something beyond that even, which was more like the wide-eyed brooding and introspection of babyhood.

As one looking at an infant will speculate with what it is thinking about, so Ann often regarded her daughter Elmira, sitting sewing with fine nervous energy which was her very own, but with bright eyes fixed on thoughts beyond her ken. "What you thinkin' about, Elmira?" she would question sharply; but the girl would only start and color, and look at her as if she were half awake, and murmur that she did not know. Very likely she did not; often one cannot remember dreams when suddenly recalled from them; though Elmira had one dream which was the reality of her life, and in which she lived most truly, but which she would always have denied, to guard its sacredness, even to her own mother.

When the shoes were done Jerome loaded himself with them, and watching his chance, beckoned his sister slyly to follow him as he went out. Standing in the sweet spring sunlight in the door-yard, he questioned her. "What did mother mean, Elmira?" he said.

"Nothing," she replied, blushing shyly.

"What is it you want, Elmira?"

"Nothing. I don't want anything, Jerome."

"Do you want—a new silk dress or anything?"

"A new silk dress? No." Elmira's manner, when fairly aroused and speaking, was full of vivacity, in curious contrast to her dreaming attitude at other times.

"I tell you what 'tis, Elmira," said Jerome, soberly. "I want you to have all you need. I don't know what mother meant, but I want you to have things like other girls. I wish you wouldn't put any more of your earning in toward the mortgage. I can manage that alone, with what I'm earning now. I can pay it up inside of two years now. I told you in the first of it you needn't do anything toward that."

"I wasn't going to earn money and not do my part."

"Well, take your earnings now and buy things for yourself. There's no reason why you shouldn't. I can earn enough for all the rest. There's no need of mother's working so hard, either. I can't charge for mixing up doses of herbs, as she wants me to, for I don't do it for anybody that isn't too poor to pay the doctor, but I earn enough besides, so neither of you need to work your fingers to the bone or go without everything. I'll give you some money. Get yourself a blue silk with roses on it; seems to me I saw one in meeting last Sunday."

Elmira laughed out with a sweet ring. Her black hair was tossing in the spring wind, her whole face showed variations and under-meanings of youthful bloom and brightness in the spring light.

"'Twas Lucina Merritt wore the blue silk with roses on it; it rustled against your knee when she passed our pew," she cried. "She is just home from her young ladies' school, and she's as pretty as a picture. I guess you saw more than the silk dress, Jerome Edwards."

With that Elmira blushed, and dropped her eyes in a curious sensitive fashion, as if she had spoken to herself instead of her brother, who looked at her quite gravely and coolly.

"I saw nothing but the silk," he said, "and I thought it would become you, Elmira."

"I am too dark for blue," replied Elmira, fairly blushing for her own blushes. At that time Elmira was as a shy child to her own emotions, and Jerome's were all sleeping. He had truly seen nothing but the sweep of that lovely rose-strewn silk, and never even glanced at the fair wearer.

"Why not have a red silk, then?" he said, soberly.

"I can't expect to have things like Squire Merritt's daughter," returned Elmira. "I don't want a new silk dress; I am going to have a real pretty one made out of mother's wedding silk; she's had it laid by all these years, and she says I may have it. It's as good as new. I'm going over to Granby this morning to get it cut. When Imogen and Sarah Lawson came over last week they told me about a mantua-maker there who will cut it beautifully for a shilling."

"Mother don't want to give up her wedding-dress."

"Women always have their wedding-dresses made over for their daughters," Elmira said, gravely.

"What color is it?"

"A real pretty green, with a little sheeny figure in it; and I am going to have a new ribbon on my bonnet."

"It's 'most ten miles to Granby; hadn't I better get a team and take you over?" said Jerome.

"No; it's a beautiful morning, and it will do me good to walk. I shall go to Imogen and Sarah's and rest, and have a bite of something before I come back too. I may not be home very early. You'd better run along, Jerome, and I've got to get ready."

Jerome gave his burden of shoes a hitch of final adjustment. "Well," said he, "I'd just as lief take you over, if you say so."

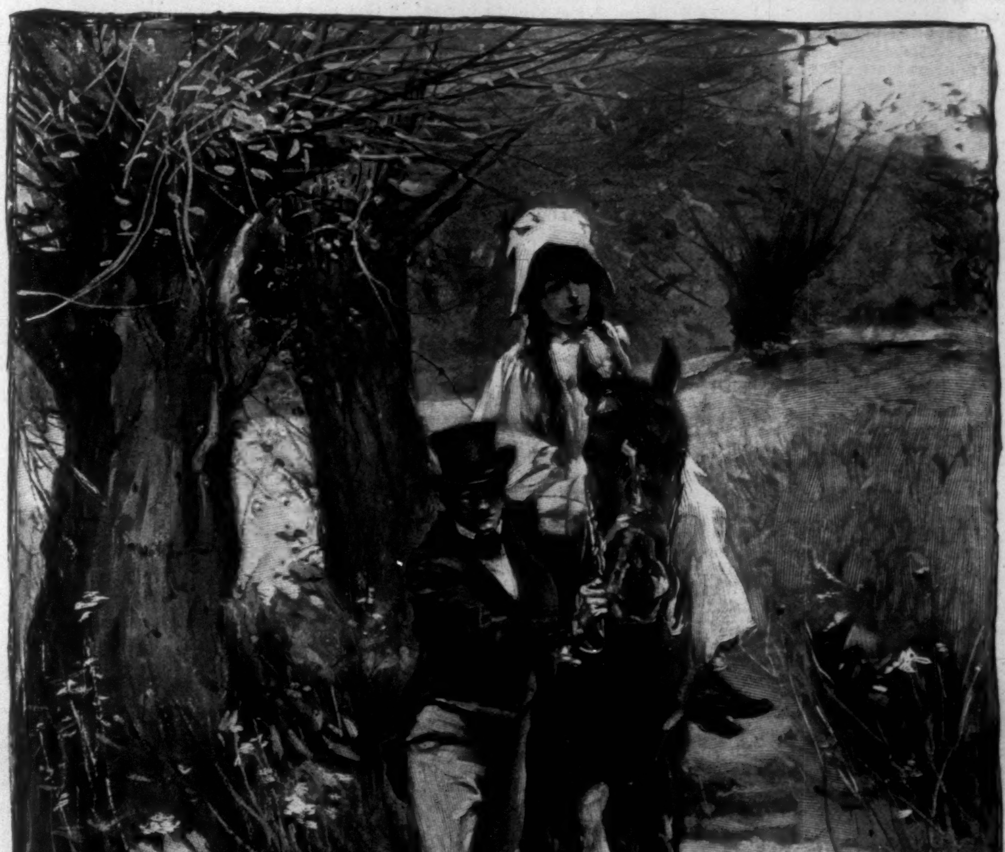
"I don't want to be taken over. I want to take myself over," laughed Elmira, and ran into the house before a flurry of wind.

That morning the wind was quite high, and though it was soft and warm, was hard to breast on a ten-mile stretch. Elmira's strength was mostly of nerve, and she had little staying power of muscle. Before she had walked three miles on the road to Granby she felt as if she were wading deeper and deeper against a mightier current of spring; the scent of the young blossoms suffocated her with sweet heaviness; the birds' songs rang wearily in her ears. She sat down on the stone wall to rest a few moments, panting softly. She laid her parcel of silk on the wall beside her and folded her hands in her lap. The day was so warm she had put on, for the first time that spring, her pink muslin gown, which had served her for a matter of eight seasons, and showed in stripes of brighter color around the skirt where the tucks had been let out to accommodate her growth. Her pink skirts fluttered around her as she sat there, smiling straight ahead out of the pink scoop of a sunbonnet like her dress, with a curious sweet directness, as if she saw some one whom she loved—as, indeed, she did. Elmira, full of the innocent selfishness of youth, saw such a fair vision of her own self clad in her mother's wedding silk, with loving and approving eyes upon her, that she could but smile.

Elmira rested a few minutes, then gathered up her parcel and started again on her way. She reached the place in the road where the brook willows border it on either side, and on the east side the brook, which is a river in earliest spring, flows with broken gurgles over a stony bed, and slackened her pace, thinking she would walk leisurely there, for the young willows screened the sun like green veils of gossamer, and the wind did not press her back so hard, and then she heard the trot, trot of a horse's feet behind her.

She did not look around, but walked more closely to the side of the road and the splendid east file of willows. The trot, trot of the horse's feet came nearer and nearer, and finally paused alongside of her; then a man's voice, half timid, half gayly daring, called, "Good-day, Miss Elmira Edwards."

With that Elmira gave a great start, though not wholly of surprise; for the imagination of a maid can, at the



"THEY PASSED THROUGH THE AVENUE OF BROOK WILLOWS."

---

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2089.

stimulus of a horse's feet, encompass nearly all realities within her dreams. Then she looked up, and Doctor Prescott's son Lawrence was bending over from his saddle and smiling into her pink sun-bonnet.

"Good-day," she returned, softly, and courtesied with a dip of her pink skirts into a white foam of little way-side weedy flowers, and then held her pink sun-bonnet slanted downward, and would not look again into the young man's eager face.

"It is a full year since I have seen you, and not a glimpse of your face did I get this time, and yet I knew, the minute I came in sight of you, who it was," said he, gayly; still, there was a loving and wistful intonation in his voice.

"Small compliment to me," returned Elmira, with a pretty spirit, though she kept her pink bonnet slanted, "to know me by a gown and bonnet I have had eight years."

"But 'twas *your* gown and bonnet," said the young man, and Elmira trembled and took an uneven step, though she strove to walk in a dignified manner beside Lawrence Prescott on his bay mare. The mare was a spirited creature, and he had hard work to rein her into a walk. "Let me take your bundle," he said.

"It is not heavy," said she, but yielded it to him.

Lawrence Prescott was small and slight, but held himself in the saddle with a stately air. He was physically like his father, but his mother's smile parted his fine-cut lips, and her expression was in his blue eyes.

Upham people had not seen much of Lawrence since he was a child, for he had been away at a preparatory school before entering college, and many of his vacations had not been spent at home. Now he was come home to study medicine with his father and prepare to follow in his footsteps of life. The general opinion was that he would never be as smart. Many there were, even of those who had come in sore measure under Doctor Seth Prescott's autocratic thumb, who held the prospect of the transference of his sway to his son with dismay.

"Guess you'll see how this town will go down when the old doctor's gone and the young one here in his place," they said. It is the people who make tyranny possible.

"How far are you going?" asked Lawrence, of Elmira flitting along beside his dancing mare.

"Oh, a little way," said she, evasively.

"How far?" There was something of his father's insistence in Lawrence's voice.

"To Granby," replied Elmira then, and tried to speak on unconcernedly. She was ashamed to let him know how far she had planned to walk because of her poverty.

"Granby!" cried Lawrence, with a whistle of astonishment; "why, that is seven miles farther! You are not going to walk to Granby and back to-day?"

"I like to walk," said Elmira, timidly.

"Why, but it is a warm day, and you are breathing short now." Lawrence pulled the mare up with a sharp whoa. "Now I'll tell you what I'll do," he said. "You sit down here on that stone and rest, and I'll ride back home and put the mare into the chaise, and I'll drive you over there."

"No, thank you; I'd rather walk," said Elmira, all touched to bliss by his solicitude, but resolved in her pride of poor maidenhood that she would not profit by it.

"Let him go back and get the chaise and have all the town talking because Lawrence Prescott caught me walking ten miles to get a dress cut? I guess I won't!" she told herself.

"You are just the same as ever; you would never let anybody do anything for you unless you paid them for it," said Lawrence, half angrily. Then he added, bending low toward her, "But you would pay me, measure pressed down and running over, by going with me—you know that, Elmira."

Elmira lost her step again, and her voice trembled a little, though she strove to speak sharply. "I like to walk," said she.

"And I tell you you're all tired out now," said Lawrence. "I can see you pant for breath. Don't you know, I am going to be a doctor, like father? Let me go back, and you wait here."

Elmira shook her pink bonnet decidedly.

"Well, then," said Lawrence, "I tell you what you must do." He slipped off the mare as he spoke. "Now," he said, and there was real authority in his voice, "you've got to ride. It's a man's saddle, and you won't sit so very secure, but I'll lead the mare, and you'll be safe enough."

Elmira shrank back. "Oh, I can't," said she.

"Yes, you can. Whoa, Betty. She's gentle enough, for all she's nervous, and she's used to a lady's riding her. The daughter of the man who sold her to father used to scour the country on her. Come, put your foot in my hand and jump up!"

"What would people say?"

"There isn't a house for a good mile, and I'll let you get down before you reach it if you want to; but I don't see what harm it would be if the whole town saw us. Come." Lawrence smiled with gentle importunity at her, and held his hand, and Elmira could not help putting her little foot in it and springing to the bay mare's back in obedience to his bidding.

Elmira, fluttering like a pink flower on the back of the bay mare, who really ambled along gently enough with Lawrence's hand on her bridle, journeyed for the next mile as one in a happy dream. She was actually incredulous of the reality of it all. She was half afraid that the jolt of the bay mare would wake her from slumber; she kept her eyes closed in the recesses of her sun-bonnet. Here was Lawrence Prescott, about whom she had dreamed ever since she was a child, come home, grown up and grand, grander than any young man in town, grand as a prince, and not forgetting her, knowing her at a glance, even when her face was hidden, and making her ride lest she got over-tired. She had scarcely seen him, to speak to him, since she was sixteen. Doctor Prescott had kept his son very close and not allowed him to mingle much with the village young people when he was home on his vacations. That summer when Elmira was sixteen there had been company in the doctor's house. Elmira had been summoned to assist in the extra work. Somehow time had hung idly on young Lawrence's hands that summer; the guests in the house were staid elderly folk and no company for him. There was also much sickness in the village, and his father not as watchful as usual. It happened that Lawrence, for lack of other amusement, would often saunter about the domestic byways of the house, and had a hand in various tasks which brought him into working partnership with pretty young Elmira—such as stemming currants or shelling pease and beans. On several occasions, also, he and Elmira had roamed the pastures in search of blackberries for tea. Once when they were out together, and had been picking a long time from one fat bush, neither saying a word—for a strange silence which abashed them both, though they knew not why, had come between them—the girl, moved thereto by some quick impulse of maidenly concealment and shame which she did not herself understand, made some light and trivial remark about the size of the fruit, which would well have acquit her had not her little voice broken with utter self-betrayal of innocent love and passion. And then young Lawrence, with a quick motion as of fire which leaps to flame after a long smoulder, flung an arm about her, with a sigh of "Oh, Elmira!" and kissed her on her mouth.

Then they had quickly stood apart, as if afraid of each other, and finished picking their berries and gone home soberly, with scarce a word. But all the time it was as if invisible cords, which no stretching could thin or break, bound them together, and when they entered the house Doctor Prescott's wife, Lydia, looked at them both with a gentle yet keen and troubled air. That night, when Elmira went home, she said to her softly that since the baking was all done for the week, and the guests were to leave in three days, and the weather was so warm, and she looked tired, she need not come again. But she drew her to her gently, as she spoke, with one great mother's arm, pressed the little dark head of the girl against her breast, and kissed her. Lydia Prescott was a great woman, shaped like a queen, but she was softer in her ways than Elmira's own mother.

When the girl had gone she turned to her son, who had seen her caress, and blushed and thrilled as if he had given it himself. "You must remember you are very young, Lawrence," said she; "you must remember that a man has no right to follow his mind until he has proved it, and you must remember your father."

And Lawrence had blushed and paled a little, and said, "Yes, mother," soberly, and gone away up stairs to his own chamber, where he had some wakeful hours, and when he fell asleep often started awake again, with his heart throbbing in his side with that same joyful pain as when he kissed pretty Elmira.

As for Elmira, she did not sleep at all, and came down in the morning with young eyes like stars of love, which no dawn could dim. For six years the memory of that kiss, which had never been repeated, for Elmira had never seen Lawrence alone since, had been to her her sweetest honey savor of life. Lucky it was for her that young Lawrence, if the taste had not been in his heart as in hers during his busy life in other scenes, had still the memory of its sweetness left.

When they had passed through the avenue of brook willows, and the brook itself had wound away through fields spotted as with emeralds and gold, and then passed some pasture-lands blue with violets in the hollows, and then came to a little stretch of pines, beyond which the white walls of a house glimmered, Lawrence held up his arms to Elmira. "It isn't necessary," said he, "but if you don't want to ride my horse, with me leading him, past the houses there, why I'll take you down, as I said."

And with that Elmira slipped down, and Lawrence had kissed her again, and she had not chidden him, and was following after him, trembling and quite pale, except for the reflection of her pink sun-bonnet, while he rode slowly ahead.

When the cluster of houses were well passed he stopped and lifted her again to the mare's saddle, and the old shyness of the blackberry-field was over both of them again as they went on their way. In truth, Lawrence was sorely bewildered betwixt his impulse of young love and innocent conviction that his honor ought to be pledged with the kiss, since they were boy and girl no longer, and his memory of his father and what he might decree for him. As for Elmira, she was much troubled in mind lest she ought to rebuke the young man for his boldness, but could not bring herself so to do, not being certain that she had not kissed him back and been as guilty as he.

The young couple went so all the way to Granby, striving now and then, with casual talk, each to blind the other as to perturbation of spirit. Lawrence lifted her from the saddle when Granby village came in sight, but he did not kiss her again. Indeed, Elmira kept her head well down that he might not; but he asked if he might call and see her, and she said yes, and the next Wednesday evening was mentioned, that day being Thursday. Then she fluttered up the Granby street to Imogen and Sarah Lawson's with her mother's wedding silk, and Lawrence Prescott rode back to Upham. Much he would have liked to linger and take Elmira back as she had come, or else drive over for her later with a chaise, but she had refused.

"Imogen and Sarah can have one of their neighbors' horses and wagons whenever they like," said she, "and they will carry me home if I want them to."

A strange maidenly shyness of her own bliss and happiness, which she longed to repeat, was upon her. She had not told Lawrence what her errand in Granby was. The truth was that she had planned her new gown because Lawrence had come home, and she was anxious to wear it to meeting in the hope that he might admire her in it. Should she betray this artless preening and trimming of her maiden plumage, which, though, like a bird's, an open secret of nature, was not the less to be kept sacred by an impulse of modest concealment and deceit toward the one for whose sake she did it?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE WIND'S MESSAGE.

THE winter wind that moans and whines
And whirls the snowflakes far and free
Among the sombre dreary pines
Is but a message sweet to me

Of rosy zephyrs lost at play
Tossing like foamflakes on the sea
Adown the sunny garden way
Spring's white blooms through the trembling tree.

R. K. Munkittrick.

LIFE AND LETTERS

Rather earlier in the year, when I was taking a morning walk down to the East River, I came upon a bit of our motley life, a fact of our piebald civilization, which has perplexed me from time to time, ever since, and which I wish now to leave with the reader, for his or her more thoughtful consideration.

I.

The morning was extremely cold. It professed to be sunny, and there was really some sort of hard glitter in the air, which, so far from being tempered by this effulgence, seemed all the stonier for it. Blasts of frigid wind swept the streets, and buffeted each other in a fury of resentment when they met around the corners. Although I was passing through a populous tenement-house quarter, my way was not hindered by the sports of the tenement-house children, who commonly crowd one from the sidewalks; no frowzy head looked out over the fire-escapes; there were no peddlers' carts or voices in the roadway; not above three or four shawl-hooded women cowered out of the little shops with small purchases in their hands; not so many tiny girls with jugs opened the doors of the beer-saloons. The butchers' windows were painted with patterns of frost, through which I could dimly see the frozen meats hanging like hideous stalactites from the roof. When I came to the river, I ached in sympathy with the shipping painfully atilt on the rocklike surface of the brine, which broke against the piers, and slapped over them like showers of powdered quartz.

But it was before I reached this final point that I received into my consciousness the moments of the human comedy which have been an increasing burden to it. Within a block of the river I met a child so small that at first I almost refused to take any account of her, until she appealed to my sense of humor by her amusing disproportion to the pail which she was lugging in front of her with both of her little mittened hands. I am scrupulous about the mittens, though I was tempted to write of her little naked hands, red with the pitiless cold. This would have been more effective, but it would not have been true, and the truth obliges me to own that she had a stout, warm-looking knit jacket on. The pail—which was half her height and twice her bulk, was filled to overflowing with small pieces of coal and coke, and if it had not been for this I might have taken her for a child of the better classes, she was so comfortably clad. But in that case she would have had to be fifteen or sixteen years old, in order to be doing so efficiently and responsibly the work which, as the child of the worse classes, she was actually doing at five or six. We must indeed allow that the early self-helpfulness of such children is very remarkable, and all the more so because they grow up into men and women so stupid that, according to the theories of all polite economists, they have to have their discontent with their conditions put into their heads by malevolent agitators.

From time to time this tiny creature put down her heavy burden to rest; it was of course only relatively heavy; a man would have made nothing of it. From time to time she was forced to stop and pick up the bits of coke that tumbled from her heaping pail. She could not consent to lose one of them, and at last, when she found she could not make all of them stay on the heap, she thriftily tucked them into the pockets of her jacket, and trudged sturdily on till she met a boy some years older, who planted himself in her path and stood looking at her, with his hands in his pockets. I do not say he was a bad boy, but I could see in his furtive eye that she was a sore temptation to him. The chance to have fun with her by upsetting her bucket, and scattering her coke about till she cried with vexation, was one which might not often present itself, and I do not know what reason made him forego it, but I know that he did, and that he finally passed her, as I have seen a young dog pass a little cat, after having stopped it, and thoughtfully considered worrying it.

I turned to watch the child out of sight, and when I faced about toward the river again I received the second instalment of my present perplexity. A cart heavily laden with coke drove out of the coal-yard which I now perceived I had come to, and after this cart followed two brisk old women, snugly clothed and tightly tucked in against the cold like the child, who vied with each other in catching up the lumps of coke that were jolted from the load, and filling their aprons with them; such old women, so hale, so spry, so tough and tireless, with the withered apples red in their cheeks, I have not often seen. They may have been about sixty years, or sixty-five, the time of life when most women are grandmothers and are relegated on their merits to the cushioned seats of their children's homes, softly silk-gowned and lace-capped, dear visions of lilac and lavender, to be loved and petted by their grandchildren. The fancy can hardly put such sweet ladies in the place of those nimble beldams, who hopped about there in the wind-swept street, plucking up their day's supply of firing from the involuntary bounty of the cart. Even the attempt is unseemly, and whether mine is at best but a feeble fancy, not bred to strenuous feats of any kind, it fails to bring them before me in that figure. I cannot imagine ladies doing that kind of thing: I can only imagine women who had lived hard and worked hard all their lives, doing it; who had begun to fight with want from their cradles, like that little one with the pail, and must fight without ceasing to their graves. But I am not unreasonable; I understand and I understood what I saw to be one of the things that must be, for the perfectly good and sufficient reason that they always have been; and at the moment I got what pleasure I could out of the stolid indifference of the cart driver, who never looked about him at the scene which interested me, but jolted onward, leaving a trail of pungent odors from his pipe in the freezing eddies of the air behind him.

II.

It is still not at all, or not so much the fact that troubles me; it is what to do with the fact. The question began with me almost at once, or at least as soon as I faced about and began to walk homeward with the wind at my back. I was then so much more comfortable that the æsthetic instinct thawed out in me, and I found myself wondering what use I could make of what I had seen in the way of my trade. Should I have something very pathetic, like the old grandmother going out day after day to pick up coke for her sick daughter's freezing orphans till she fell sick herself? What should I do with the family in that case? They could not be left at that point, and I promptly imagined a granddaughter, a girl of about eighteen, very pretty and rather proud, a sort of belle in her humble neighborhood, who should take her grandmother's place. I decided that I should have her Italian, because I knew something of Italians, and could manage that nationality best, and I should call her Maddalena; either Maddalena or Marina; Marina would be more Venetian, and I saw that I must make her Venetian. Here I was on safe ground, and at once the love-interest appeared to help me out. By virtue of the law of contrasts, it appeared to me in the person of a Scandinavian lover, tall, silent, blond, whom I at once felt I could do, from my acquaintance with Scandinavian lovers in Norwegian novels. His name was Janssen, a good, distinctive Scandinavian name; I do not know but it is Swedish; and I thought he might very well be a Swede; I could realize his manner from that of a Swedish waitress we once had.

Janssen—Jan Janssen, say—drove the coke-cart which Marina's grandmother used to follow out of the coke-yard, to pick up the bits of coke as they were jolted from it, and he had often noticed her with deep indifference. At first he noticed Marina—or Nina, as I soon saw I must call her—with the same unconcern; for in her grandmother's hood and jacket and check apron, with her head held shamefacedly downward, she looked exactly like the old woman. I thought I would have Nina make her self-sacrifice rebelliously, as a girl like her would be apt to do, and follow the coke-cart with tears. This would catch Janssen's notice, and he would wonder, perhaps with a little pang, what the old woman was crying about, and then he would see that it was not the old woman. He would see that it was Nina, and he would be in love with her at once, for she would not only be very pretty, but he would know that she was good, if she were willing to help her family in that way.

He would respect the girl, in his dull, sluggish, Northern way. He would do nothing to betray himself. But little by little he would begin to befriend her. He would carelessly overload his cart before he left the yard, so that the coke would fall from it more lavishly; and not only this, but if he saw a stone or a piece of coal in the street he would drive over it, so that more coke would be jolted from his load.

Nina would get to watching for him. She must not notice him much at first, except as the driver of the overladen, carelessly driven cart. But after several mornings she must see that he is very strong and handsome. Then, after several mornings more, their eyes must meet, her vivid black eyes, with the tears of rage and shame in them, and his cold blue eyes. This must be the climax, and just at this point I gave my fancy a rest, while I went into a drug-store at the corner of Avenue B to get my hands warm.

They were abominably cold, even in my pockets, and I had suffered past several places trying to think of an excuse to go in. I now asked the druggist if he had something which I felt pretty sure he had not, and this put him in the wrong, so that when we fell into talk he was very polite. We agreed admirably about the hard times, and he gave way respectfully when I doubted his opinion that the winters were getting milder. I made him reflect that there was no reason for this, and that it was probably an illusion from that deeper impression which all experiences made on us in the past, when we were younger; I ought to say that he was an elderly man, too. I said I fancied such a morning as this was not very mild for people that had no fires, and this brought me back again to Janssen and Marina, by way of the coke-cart. The thought of them rapt me so far from the druggist that I listened to his answer with a glazing eye, and did not know what he said. My hands had now got warm, and I bade him good-morning with a parting regret, which he civilly shared, that he had not the thing I had not wanted, and I pushed out again into the cold, which I found not so bad as before.

My hero and heroine were waiting for me there, and I saw that to be truly modern, to be at once realistic and mystical, to have both delicacy and strength, I must not let them get further acquainted with each other. The affair must simply go on from day to day, till one morning Jan must note that it was again the grandmother and no longer the girl who was following his cart. She must be very weak from a long sickness—I was not sure whether to have it the grippe or not, but I decided upon that provisionally—and she must totter after Janssen, so that he must get down after a while to speak to her under pretence of arranging the tail-board of his cart, or something of that kind; I did not care for the detail. They should get into talk in the broken English which was the only language they could have in common, and she should burst into tears, and tell him that now Nina was sick; I imagined making this very simple, but very touching, and I really made it so touching that it brought the lump into my own throat, and I knew it would be effective with the reader. Then I had Jan get back upon his cart, and drive stolidly on again, and the old woman limp feebly after.

There should not be any more, I decided, except that one very cold morning, like that, Jan should be driving through that street, and should be passing the door of the tenement-house where Nina had lived, just as a little procession should be issuing from it. The fact must be told in brief sentences, with a total absence of emotionality. The last touch must be Jan's cart turning the street corner with Jan's figure sharply silhouetted against the clear cold morning light. Nothing more.

But it was at this point that another notion came into my mind, so antic, so impish, so fiendish, that if there were still any Evil One, in a world which gets on so poorly without him, I should attribute it to his suggestion; and this was that the procession which Jan saw issuing from the tenement-house door was not a funeral procession, as the reader will have rashly fancied, but a wedding procession, with Nina at the head of it, quite well again, and going to be married to the little brown youth with ear-rings who had long had her heart.

With a truly perverse instinct, I saw how strong this might be made, at the fond reader's expense, to be sure, and how much more pathetic, in such a case, the silhouetted figure on the coke-cart would really be. I should of course make it perfectly plain that no one was to blame, and that the whole affair had been so tacit on Jan's part that Nina might very well have known nothing of his feeling for her. Perhaps at the very end I might subtly insinuate that it was possible he might have had no such feeling towards her as the reader had been led to imagine.

III.

The question as to which ending I ought to have given my romance is what has ever since remained to perplex me, and it is what has prevented my ever writing it. Here is material of the best sort lying useless on my hands, which, if I could only make up my mind, might be wrought into a short story as affecting as any that wring our hearts in the Scottish dialect; and I think I could get something fairly unintelligible out of the broken English of Jan and Nina's grandmother, and certainly something novel. All that I can do, however, is to put the case before the reader, and let him decide for himself how it should end.

The mere humanist, I suppose, might say that I am rightly served for having regarded the fact I had witnessed as material for fiction at all; that I had no business to bewitch it with my miserable art; that I ought to have spoken to that little child and those poor old women, and tried to learn something of their lives from them, that I might offer my knowledge again for the instruction of those whose lives are easy and happy in the indifference which ignorance breeds in us. I own there is something in this, but then, on the other hand, I have heard it urged by nice people that they do not want to know about such squalid lives, that it is offensive and out of taste to be always bringing them in, and that we ought to be writing about good society, and especially creating grandes dames for their amusement. This sort of people could say to the humanist that he ought to be glad there are coke-carts for fuel to fall off from for the lower classes, and that here was no case for romance; for if one is to be interested in such things at all, it must be æsthetically, though even this is deplorable in the presence of fiction already overloaded with low life, and so poor in grandes dames as ours.

W. D. Howells.

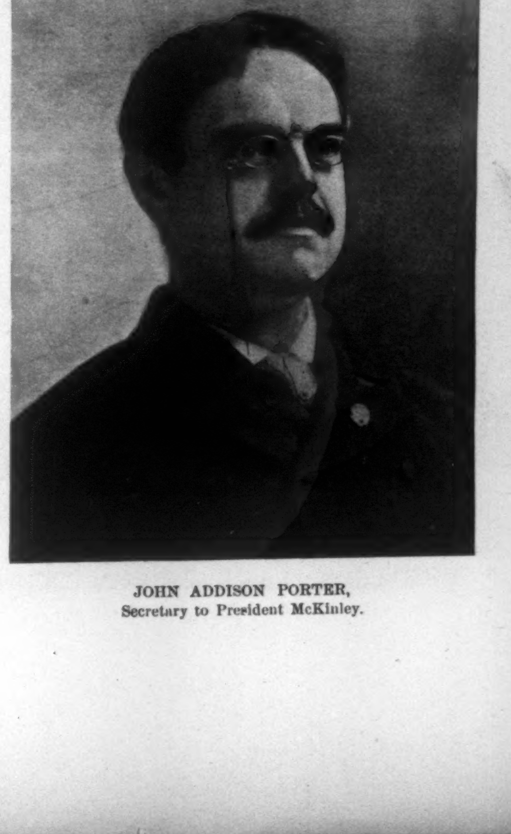
"SECRETARY TO THE PRESIDENT."

The "Secretary to the President," if Congress sanctions the new and more dignified name for the office, John Addison Porter, editor and proprietor of the Hartford *Post*, will bring to his peculiarly delicate and trying duties qualities which ought to insure their successful discharge. By the good fortune of birth, and by a disposition to make the most of his opportunities and of himself, Mr. Porter represents a type that is somewhat rare in the public service. He is at once an educated gentleman and a man of the world. He has always taken a great interest in politics and in affairs, and he is familiar with Washington and its life.

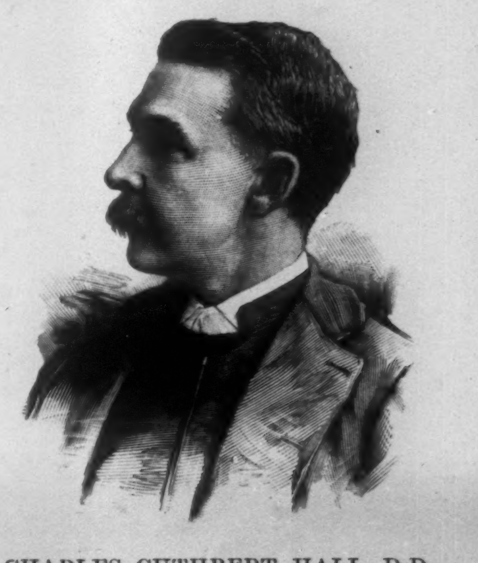
Mr. Porter was born in New Haven, Connecticut, in April, 1856, and has thus just turned forty. His father was John Addison Porter, who held the chair of agricultural chemistry, and was afterward in charge of the department of organic chemistry in the Sheffield Scientific School at Yale. His mother was a daughter of the late Joseph E. Sheffield, who so generously endowed the school. Their home was one of the attractive residences on Hillhouse Avenue—a typically beautiful street in its seclusion and parklike effect in a university town. One of his mother's sisters was the wife of the late William Walter Phelps, and thus any natural bent toward politics in young Porter was accentuated by his uncle's successful career. He graduated at Yale in the class of 1878, a leading man among classmates of a high average of ability. Perhaps the two most conspicuous of them are William H. Taft, of Cincinnati, Judge of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, and Edward B. Whitney, Assistant Attorney-General. In college Mr. Porter devoted himself largely to literary work, and was also a prominent social leader. Shortly after graduating he lived in Washington for some years. During this time he was the clerk of a Senate committee, and later, for a short period, a publisher. Returning to Connecticut, he became the proprietor of the Hartford *Post*, and devoted himself to journalism and politics. He has been more than once mentioned as the candidate of the younger men for the Governorship, and in the convention of last fall stood second on the roll-call. A man of the strongest partisanship, he has, of course, made enemies and critics as well as friends. But all will concede to him honesty, vigor, and ability.

The fact that the press of Connecticut has been unanimous in its approval of his choice by President McKinley for the place of secretary must have been peculiarly gratifying to him. It was a tribute to the genuineness of his character as a man which is most to be valued when it comes from those who have been so often in strongest antagonism in the rivalries of journalism. Previous to his selection as secretary, the Connecticut delegation in Congress voted unanimously to endorse him for the position of ambassador to Italy.

Mr. Porter is well known throughout Connecticut as an after-dinner speaker, and his travels on "the post-prandial circuit," as one of his college friends wittily called it, have taken him to all the principal cities of the State. He has thus seen life on almost every side, and has met all sorts and conditions of men. If his friends have any fear for him in his new position, it is that a certain blunt truthfulness in his character, which is really to his credit, may at times rouse hostilities which the politician must avoid. The Secretary to the President must send away the man who calls to see the President and sees only the secretary just as well satisfied as if he had seen the President. This is a trying necessity for one who hates humbug and does not indulge in palaver.



JOHN ADDISON PORTER,
Secretary to President McKinley.



CHARLES CUTHBERT HALL, D.D.

Charles Cuthbert Hall, D.D., pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, New York, who was elected recently to the Presidency of Union Theological Seminary, has been for some years one of the best-known clergymen of his denomination within the circuit of the metropolis. He was born in New York city in September, 1852, and is hence in his forty-fifth year. His father, Mr. William C. Hall, was the head of a New York firm of importing druggists. On his retirement from business, in 1860, he made his home at New Windsor, on the Hudson, and amid the delightful scenery of that place most of the remaining years of his son's boyhood were spent, until, at seventeen, he entered Williams College. He was graduated thence in the class of 1872.

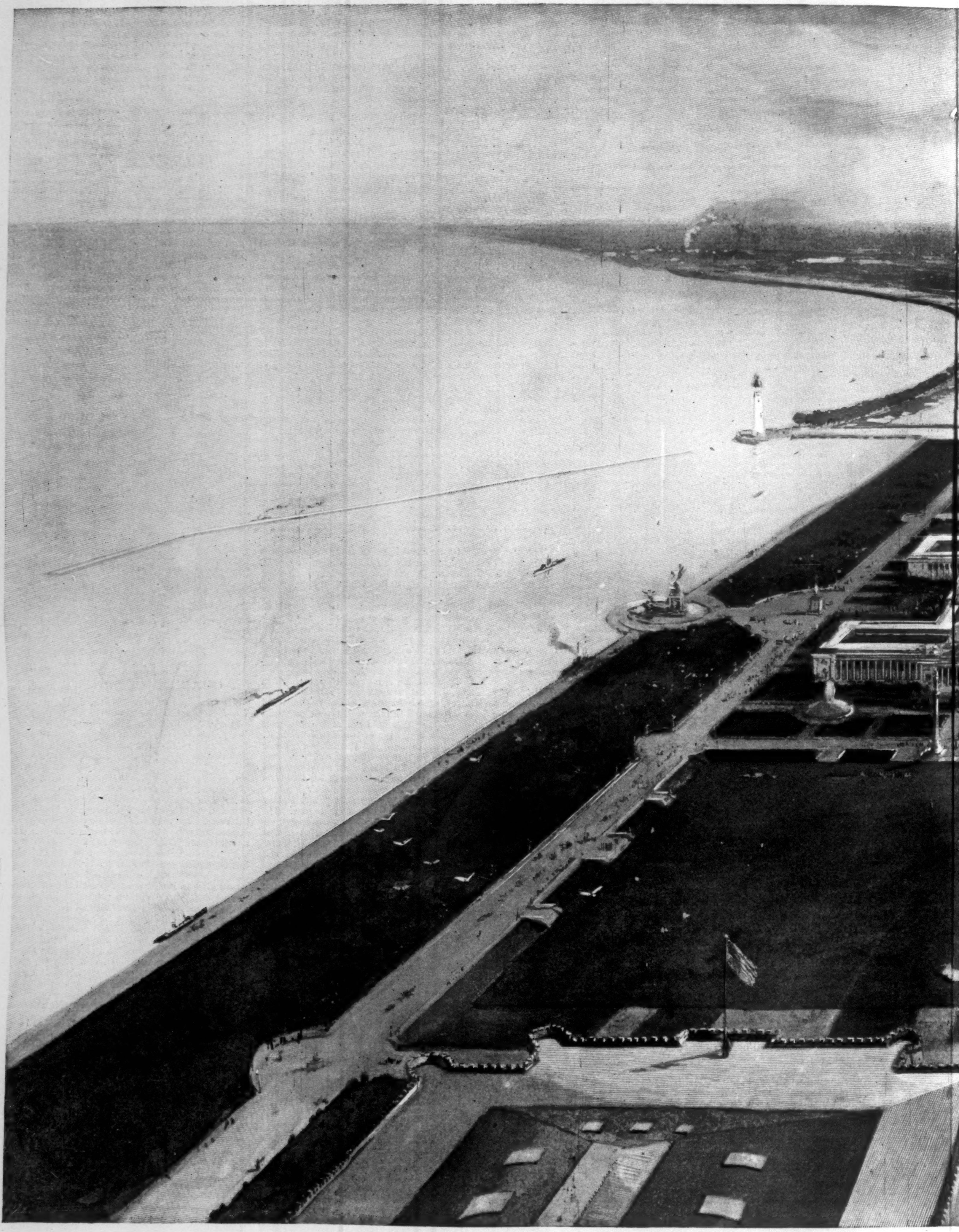
From childhood his desire was toward the ministry; but soon after entering college his voice became so affected that he was constrained to abandon his purpose for a time. As an alternative he contemplated the profession of journalism, and made special studies with that vocation in view, when, towards the close of his college course, his voice regained its power, and his original intention was resumed. He entered Union Theological Seminary, of which he is soon to be President, in October, 1872, and two years later was licensed to preach. At the close of his seminary course he visited Great Britain, and took post-graduate studies at the Presbyterian College in London and in Free Church College, Edinburgh. On his return, in 1875, he was ordained, and became pastor of the Union Presbyterian Church of Newburg, New York. Early in 1877 he was called to his present charge.

In Brooklyn his ministry has been long conspicuous among the influences that inspire and gladden social and domestic life and ennoble civic sentiment. While his realm has been distinctively that of the scholar, his career at all times has been becoming the minister of Christ. Counterbalanced as it has been by devotion to practical and administrative duties, his contemplative habit never has been permitted to dominate and enfeeble his sympathies. As a result, men of every name honor him as a worthy type of whatever constitutes the graceful and gracious in personality.

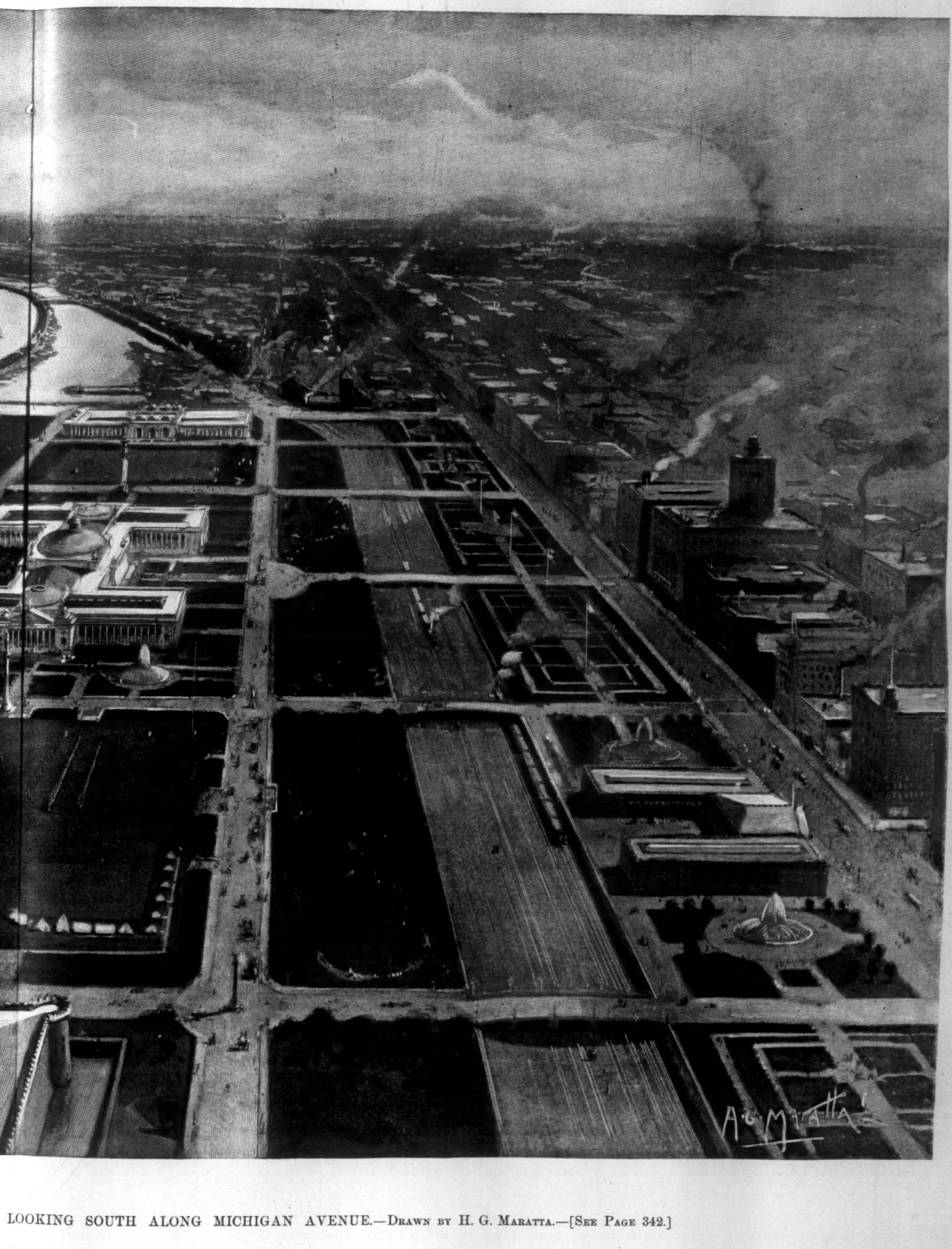
Dr. Hall is the author of several books. Among them are *Does God send Trouble?* and *Into His Marvellous Light*. To these he has added recently a volume entitled *The Gospel of the Divine Sacrifice*. He was the Carew lecturer at Hartford Theological Seminary in 1894, and his addresses were issued in a volume entitled *Qualifications for Ministerial Power*. A few months ago he assumed the editorship of the American edition of the *Expositor*, a theological and religious magazine published in London.

Dr. Hall has been for some time a director of Union Theological Seminary, and a trustee of Atlanta University and of Williams College. In 1894 he was called to the chair of Sacred Rhetoric and Pastoral Theology in Andover Seminary, but declined. In theology he is liberal, without being latitudinarian.

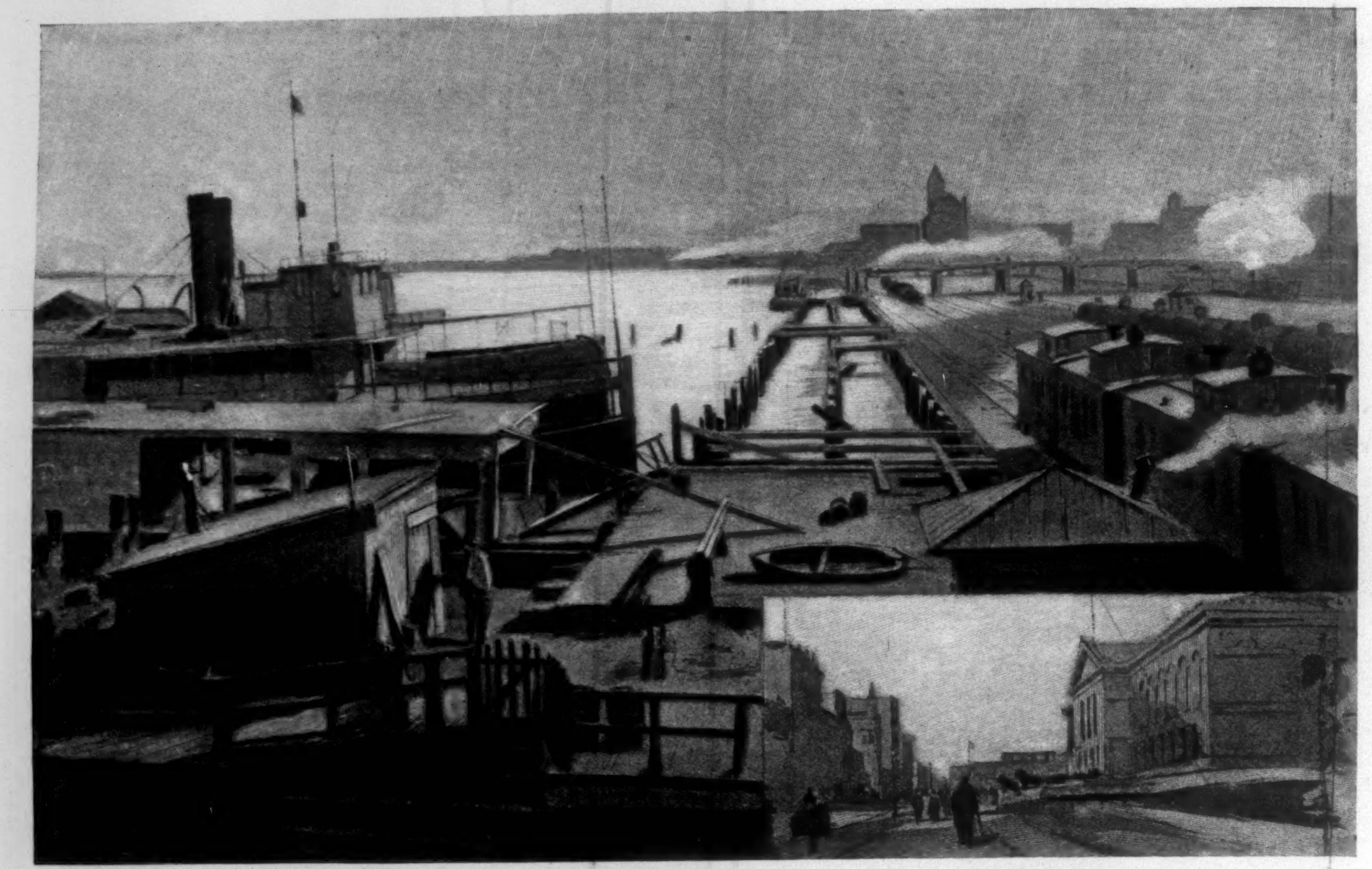
S. G. N.



CHICAGO'S LAKE FRONT PARKS—VIEW OF THE PROPOSED IMPROVEMENTS, LO



LOOKING SOUTH ALONG MICHIGAN AVENUE.—Drawn by H. G. Maratta.—[See Page 342.]



FOOT OF VAN BUREN STREET, LOOKING SOUTH ALONG THE LAKE FRONT. MICHIGAN AVENUE, LOOKING NORTH FROM VAN BUREN STREET.

PRESENT CONDITION OF CHICAGO'S LAKE FRONT BETWEEN PARK ROW AND VAN BUREN STREET.—Drawn by H. G. Maratta.

CHICAGO'S LAKE FRONT PARKS.

With Lake Michigan in its door-yard, Chicago has been cut off for almost forty years from many of the advantages which cities usually derive from a water-front. Extending from the mouth of the river southward nearly seven miles, to Fifty-first Street, a great railroad corporation has maintained a barrier of tracks, spiked fences, and stone walls, which effectually prevented the public from approaching the lake. And it not only claimed the right to prevent passageways across its property, even at street intersections, but it contested with some success the efforts of pleasure-boat-owners to use the docks and piers along the shore, and it interposed every possible obstacle to their success. So it happened that a few fishermen, a few out-at-heels loungers, and ragamuffin boys have been the only frequenters of the lake front. Before the ordinary citizen could reach the water's edge he was forced to buy a ticket of the railroad company, with which to pass its turnstiles. In addition to this the great corporation, on the strength of its claims to the riparian rights, had been steadily encroaching on the lake, and reclaiming land worth millions of dollars.

A few years ago Chicago rebelled at being thus fenced in, and as a result of public indignation a fight was instituted in the courts, which continued for many months, bitterly contested by the legal representatives of the company. The supreme bench of the United States finally decided that the city of Chicago was the owner of the lake-front privileges, and that it could force a passageway across these tracks of the Illinois Central Railroad Company. Unfortunately this decision referred only to the frontage from Randolph Street south to Park Row, the eastern boundary of the Lake Front Park; but the Park Commissioners anticipate no difficulty in getting a satisfactory agreement with the railroad company when they are ready to continue the park southward along the lake shore to Fifty-first Street.

For a time this decision did not help matters much. The Illinois Central Railroad Company only fenced in its property more closely, and a huge unsightly viaduct was built over its tracks at Van Buren Street. Visitors to Chicago during the World's Fair will remember crossing this structure as they went to and from Jackson Park by water.

After the fair there was much agitation of the lake-front question, and the public demanded an opportunity to approach and to enjoy its water-front unrestricted by viaducts, fences, walls, and dangerous tracks. The city wanted room to expand, and a place in which to breathe freely on a hot afternoon. So great was the pressure that Mayor Swift took the matter up, and negotiations were opened with the railroad company, resulting quite unexpectedly in a prompt and satisfactory settlement of the whole question so far as the Lake Front Park downtown was concerned.

Since that time Chicago has begun the building of its greatest park, which, with the miles of boulevards, lagoons, viaducts, and tunnels connecting it with the other parks of the city, will cost more than $12,000,000. And when the work is done, Chicago will have perhaps the finest water-front and driveway of any city in the world. Beginning at the end of Sheridan Road, at the northern limit of the city, it will extend southward through Lincoln Park, down the North Lake Shore Drive, now nearly completed, burrow under the river in a huge tunnel, extend through the Lake Front Park, and southward along the lake shore to the southern boundary of Jackson Park, a distance in all of more than twenty miles.

Work is now in progress on the Lake Front Park proper, which extends eastward from Michigan Avenue, between Park Row and Randolph Street, containing about two hundred and twenty acres, nearly one hundred and seventy acres of which are being reclaimed from Lake Michigan; and as soon as the necessary arrangements can be made a narrow band of park will be built southward along the lake shore to Jackson Park, a distance of more than five miles.

Thus far all the actual expense of improvement has been borne by the Illinois Central Railroad Company, although the board of South Park Commissioners, of which James W. Ellsworth is president, has now accepted the park in the rough, and will complete the work rapidly.

When the Illinois Central Railroad Company was negotiating for a right of way into Chicago in 1852, Michigan Avenue was unprotected from the hard northeast storms which so often blew in on the south shore of the lake. Often the roadway of Michigan Avenue was washed out by the waves. Finally the city entered into an agreement with the company by which the road was to come in on pilings driven out into the water, and as a compensation for this privilege it was required to build a breakwater which should protect the city front. After litigations and bickerings lasting through many years, the contract entered into with the city one year ago last fall has been fulfilled. The railroad company has its right of way 200 feet wide, and from Park Row to Randolph Street it has depressed its fourteen tracks an average of four feet. Four hundred feet east of Michigan Avenue it has built a retaining-wall twenty-two feet high, with ornamental stone copings, and on the lake side of the right of way is another wall of like dimensions, thus providing a great stone trench, cutting the park north and south, in which all of the railroad's movements will be concealed. Twelve hundred feet eastward, in fifteen feet of water, it has built a sea-wall thirty feet wide and 8000 feet long, and four ornamental steel viaducts have been built from the old Lake Front Park over the trenched tracks of the road to connect with this great new part of the park, most of which is still under water. All of these passageways are made ornamental, with a view to hiding as much of the railroad operations as possible. They are slightly higher than are the street grades of the city, and from the top of them there is a magnificent view of the park and the lake to the eastward and the buildings and street traffic of the city to the westward. On the old park site the company has dumped 200,000 cubic yards of earth brought in from the drainage canal, making the surface of the park slope from Michigan Avenue to the top of the retaining-wall. For this work and for the relinquishment of litigation the city gave the Illinois Central Railroad Company nearly seven acres of land along its right of way. Resident Engineer H. U. Wallace had 800 men employed on the work for nine months. Fourteen tracks have been depressed and all the other improvements made with 1000 train movements every twenty-four hours—without delaying a single train.

The work of the Illinois Central Railroad on the park has cost something more than $1,100,000, and it is now completed. The company has built for itself a commodious underground station, which, with its approaches at Van Buren Street, cost $75,000.

Between the railroad's right of way and the outer sea-wall the Park Commissioners now have the giant's task of filling in 169.6 acres of surface, in which is a water depth of six to fifteen feet. When this is done they will have a stretch of rough park land 1760 feet wide at its southern end and about one mile long. In addition to this they will have a fine strip of water between the park and the Illinois Central pier at Twelfth Street for use as a yacht harbor. In improving this magnificent park possibility they intend to spend millions of dollars. The plans, which are already being made by D. H. Burnham, former director of works at the World's Fair, show the inspiration of the exposition, and they are laid on a scale almost as grand. The park will be improved on architectural lines after the manner of many European pleasure-grounds. The strip directly east of Michigan Avenue will be laid out in beautiful drives and footways.

At the end of every street there will be either a Roman fountain or a statue, which may be seen a long distance, thus carrying the influence of the park far into the crowded parts of the city. Opposite one of the streets, probably Eldridge Court, there will be an equestrian statue of General Logan, by Augustus St. Gaudens. At Adams Street the Art Institute, already constructed, will stand in the centre of a beautiful park of its own; and at Washington Street there will be a magnificent Roman arch crowning the entrance to the tunnel which will lead under the Chicago River. This tunnel is to be a marvel of engineering architecture. It will be thirty feet wide, with a broad driveway at the centre, a bicycling-path on the left, and a footpath on the right. It will begin at Washington Street and extend northward under the river to Pine Street, where it will connect with the extended Lake Shore Drive in a grand concourse. Its various paths and driveways will be connected with archways ornamented with statues in full relief, and throughout the tunnel will be lined with marble or tiling, making it the finest tunnel in the world.

To the east of the Illinois Central tracks, in the part of the park reclaimed from Lake Michigan, there will be a number of handsome buildings. In the very centre, opposite Congress Street, the new Field Columbian Museum will be erected, and the priceless relics of the World's Fair now housed in the old Art Gallery at Jackson Park will be moved into it. The museum will stand at the centre of a park of its own, four blocks long; and to its eastward, facing the lake, there will be a monument to Columbus the discoverer; on the north, a monument to Washington the liberator; on the south, a monument to Lincoln, the emancipator; and on the west, a pedestal, to be left vacant until Chicago sees fit to honor the memory of one of her own sons. Eastward from the museum, and at the very edge of the lake, a space is provided for a fountain, modelled after the Macmonnies fountain which stood in front of the Administration Building at the World's Fair. It will pour a constant stream of water into the great basin of the harbor which fronts the park. To the north of the museum, and separated from it by a broad parade-ground, there is room for a huge armory building for housing the various military organizations of the city, and to the southward there will be a great play-ground and a possible exposition building. Extending the full length of the park, a wide terrace will slope to the water's edge, and provide a lounging-place for the thousands who wish to escape the heat and noise of the city. Plans have also been made for a great viaduct, beginning at Randolph Street and running northward over the river to the north side. This, with the tunnel, will provide ample means of crossing the river.

The South Shore Drive, which will constitute the greatest part of the work, will leave the Lake Front Park at Twelfth Street and extend to the southward outside of the Illinois Central tracks, a distance of five and a half miles, to the northern end of Jackson Park. If the plans made by Mr. Burnham are carried out, this park and driveway will have an average width of from 500 to 700 feet, nearly all of the land to be reclaimed from the waters of Lake Michigan. Back of it there will be a wide lagoon, studded with beautiful islands, the shores natural wooded slopes, and slanted so as to show vistas through which residents along the shore may catch glimpses of the lake. At the north end the lagoon will connect with the yacht harbor, and at the south end with the lagoons of Jackson Park, thus making a continuous watercourse, through which will ply steam-launches, small sail-boats, and other pleasure craft, even to gondolas. It will also furnish an excellent place for all kinds of water athletics, including a number of rowing courses. Part of the parkway will be set apart for residence purposes, the rentals accruing from the land to be used by the Park Commissioners for maintaining the driveways and lagoon.

Mr. Burnham, who is the father of the whole grand scheme, thinks that the work can be completed in two years, and after that the statuary may be erected in the places provided as occasion demands.

THE CALHOUN MONUMENTS.

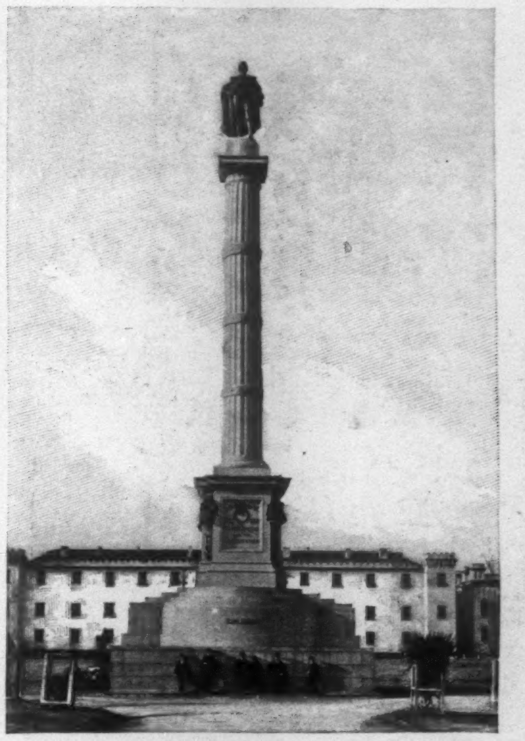
JUST ten years ago, April, 1887, a monument in memory of John C. Calhoun was unveiled in Charleston, South Carolina. Artistically it proved a failure, a huge, costly mistake. It was taken down, and last month saw the completion of a more satisfactory substitute. The corner-stone of the first monument was laid in 1858. Designs for its construction were under consideration when South Carolina seceded and there were other things to think of. Most of the women who composed the Monument Association fled to the up-country or to Columbia when Charleston was bombarded. It is owing to the forethought and tact of Mrs. Snowden, the treasurer of the association, that there is a Calhoun monument to-day. When Columbia was in flames and the people panic-stricken, she quilted the bonds and other securities, amounting to nearly $40,000, in the skirt of her gown, so preserving them from prying fingers.

When the refugees got back to Charleston later and things had settled down, the association asked the three surviving chancellors of the old Carolina bench to decide whether the funds might not be used for an educational institute. Affairs at that time seemed to forbid the putting of money into artistic tributes. The chancellors decided that the association, owing to its original constitution, could not divert the funds, and the ladies waited until more prosperous days might warrant monument-building.

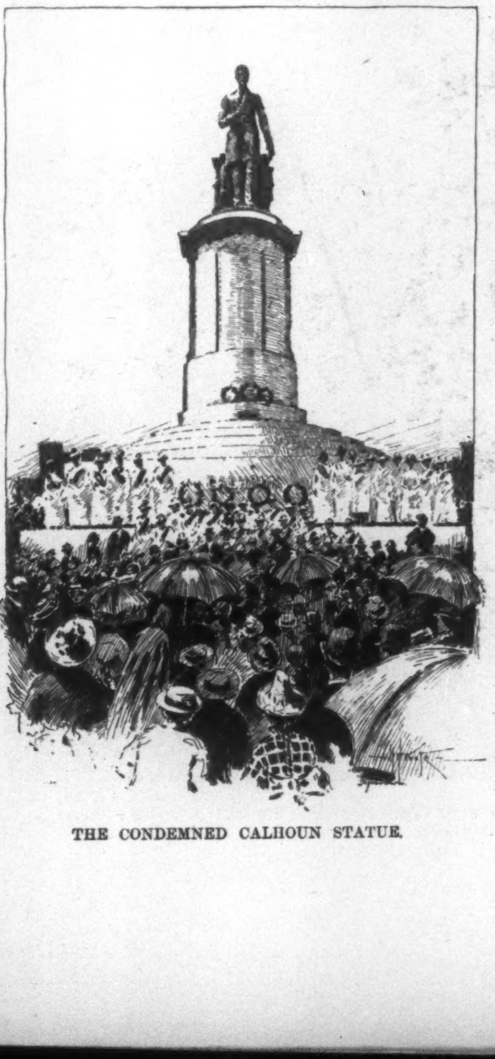
In 1882, after much consultation and referring to reputable judges, a contract was made with a Philadelphia sculptor for a bronze statue of Calhoun on a Carolina-granite pedestal, and, surrounding it, four allegorical figures—Truth, Justice, the Constitution, and History—for $44,000.

This monument was completed in 1887, and proved so disappointing that the association did not rest until it was taken down. They considered plans for a less elaborate design, and made a new contract, with Mr. J. Massey Rhind.

The main portion only of the base of the original monument is retained; the rest is relegated to obscurity. Critics who saw the model of the Calhoun statue in Harnisch's Roman studio pronounced it animated clay, and the figures that were to surround it were declared "Michelangelesque" in pose and body, with calm, thoughtful faces and tranquil eyes. Alas! the sibyls were the reverse of "Michelangelesque" when put up. They were "mammalesque," gross, unwieldy. Only one ever sat on the base of the monument; the people put up with that one, though whether it was Truth, Justice, or History that sat there was never clear. The pickaninnies christened her "Mis' Calhoun." Two of the other sibyls remained boxed up in the cases in which they came from Rome. The fourth never crossed the ocean. Nobody missed her.



THE NEW CALHOUN MONUMENT.



THE CONDEMNED CALHOUN STATUE.

The Rhind monument has no hint of a sibyl. There are two figure panels, one showing Calhoun answering Webster in the Senate, the other representing him as chairman of the Committee of Foreign Affairs when war was declared against England in 1812.

There will be no formal unveiling of the new monument. All that could be said was said ten years ago, when thirty-four young maidens, representing the thirty-four counties of the State, let free the flags that veiled the first statue. Odes were read; there were music and classic speech and enthusiasm—enthusiasm that waned into disappointment when the crowds had dispersed and the work was viewed dispassionately. Now the mistake has been rectified, and the much-tried monument association, that dates back to a drawing-room meeting nearly a half-century ago, may rest content.

A PHILOSOPHICAL COMPOSER.

THERE has been discussion lately in some of the German and Austrian papers over the authorship of that everlastingly popular ditty known to English-singing people as "How Can I Leave Thee?" a lyric with an unctuous sentimentality that has worked havoc at innumerable college promenade concerts and Commencement occasions. The song has been claimed for three separate composers—for Friedrich Lux, for Friedrich Kücken, and for that gifted and half-crazed Johann Ludwig Böhner, who used to go about the streets of Oldenburg until he heard a piano-forte a-going, when he would calmly walk into even an utter stranger's house, and play superbly for hours at a sitting—the same Böhner who sent packing a large and expectant concert audience with the graceful declaration, "It is impossible for Ludwig Böhner to play for such a lot of idiots!" Nothing less than ecclesiastical authority has been called in to settle the dispute about the song. It seems that Böhner's own words decide the matter against him, often as the air has been credited to him. Aged Pastor Edmund Nicolai, of Gotha, deposes before a notary that one evening in 1852, while he and Böhner were playing duets together, there came through the window the sound of "How Can I Leave Thee!" Pastor Nicolai therewith congratulated Böhner on the popularity of his love-song. "No," answered Böhner, sharply, "that song is not mine. It is by Organist Lux." Not long after, aged Pastor Nicolai asked the eminent organist if he had indeed composed the song, and was answered in the affirmative by Lux, with the explanation that he had not acknowledged it, as it was "such fun to see other men steal its authorship." Organist Lux evidently possessed a philosopher's bump of humor.

THE PURSUIT OF THE HOUSE-BOAT.*

Being some Further Account of the Doings of the Associated Shades, under the Leadership of Sherlock Holmes, Esq.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS,

AUTHOR OF "A HOUSE-BOAT ON THE STYX," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL.

IX.—CAPTAIN KIDD MEETS WITH AN OBSTACLE.

"EXCUSE me, your Majesty," remarked Helen of Troy as Cleopatra accorded permission to Captain Kidd to speak; "I have not been introduced to this gentleman, nor has he been presented to me, and I really cannot consent to any proceeding so irregular as this. I do not speak to gentlemen I have not met, nor do I permit them to address me."

"Hear, hear!" cried Xanthippe. "I quite agree with the principle of my young friend from Troy. It may be that when we claimed for ourselves all the rights of men that the right to speak to and to be spoken to by other men without an introduction was included in the list, but I for one have no desire to avail myself of the privilege, especially when it's a horrid-looking man like this."

Kidd bowed politely, and smiled so terribly that several of the ladies fainted.

"I will withdraw," he said, turning to Cleopatra; and it must be said that his suggestion was prompted by his heart-felt wish, for now that he found himself thus conspicuously brought before so many women, with falsehood on his lips, his courage began to ooze.

"Not yet, please," answered the chairlady. "I imagine we can get about this difficulty without much trouble."

"I think it a perfectly proper objection too," observed Delilah, rising. "If we ever needed etiquette we need it now. But I have a plan which will obviate any further difficulty. If there is no one among us who is sufficiently well acquainted with the gentleman to present him formally to us, I will for the time being take upon myself the office of ship's barber and cut his hair. I understand that it is quite the proper thing for barbers to talk, while cutting their hair, to persons to whom they have not been introduced. And, besides, he really needs a hair-cut badly. Thus I shall establish an acquaintance with the gentleman, after which I can with propriety introduce him to the rest of you."

"Perhaps the gentleman himself might object to that," put in Queen Elizabeth. "If I remember rightly, your last customer was very much dissatisfied with the trim you gave him."

"It will be unnecessary to do what Delilah proposes," said Mrs. Noah, with a kindly smile, as she rose up from the corner in which she had been sitting, an interested listener. "I can introduce the gentleman to you all with perfect propriety. He's a member of my family. His grandfather was the great-grandson a thousand and eight times removed of my son Shem's great-grandnephew on his father's side. His relationship to me is therefore obvious, though from what I know of his reputation I think he takes more after my husband's ancestors than my own. Willie dear, these ladies are friends of mine. Ladies, this young man is one of my most famous descendants. He has been a man of many adventures, and he has been hanged once, which, far from making him undesirable as an acquaintance, has served merely to render him harmless, and therefore a safe person to know. Now, my son, go ahead and speak your piece."

The good old spirit sat down, and the scruples of the objectors having thus been satisfied, Captain Kidd began.

"Now that I know you all," he remarked, as pleasantly as he could under the circumstances, "I feel that I can speak more freely, and certainly with a great deal less embarrassment than if I were addressing a gathering of entire strangers. I am not much of a hand at speaking, and have always felt somewhat nonplussed at finding myself in a position of this nature. In my whole career I never experienced but one irresistible impulse to make a public address of any length, and that was upon that unhappy occasion to which the greatest and grandest of my great-grandmothers has alluded, and that only as the chain by which I was suspended in mid-air tightened about my vocal chords. At that moment I could have talked impromptu for a year, so fast and numerously did thoughts of the uttermost import surge upward into my brain; but circumstances over which I had no control prevented the utterance of those thoughts, and that speech is therefore lost to the world."

"He has the gift of continuity," observed Madame Récamier.

"Ought to be in the United States Senate," smiled Elizabeth.

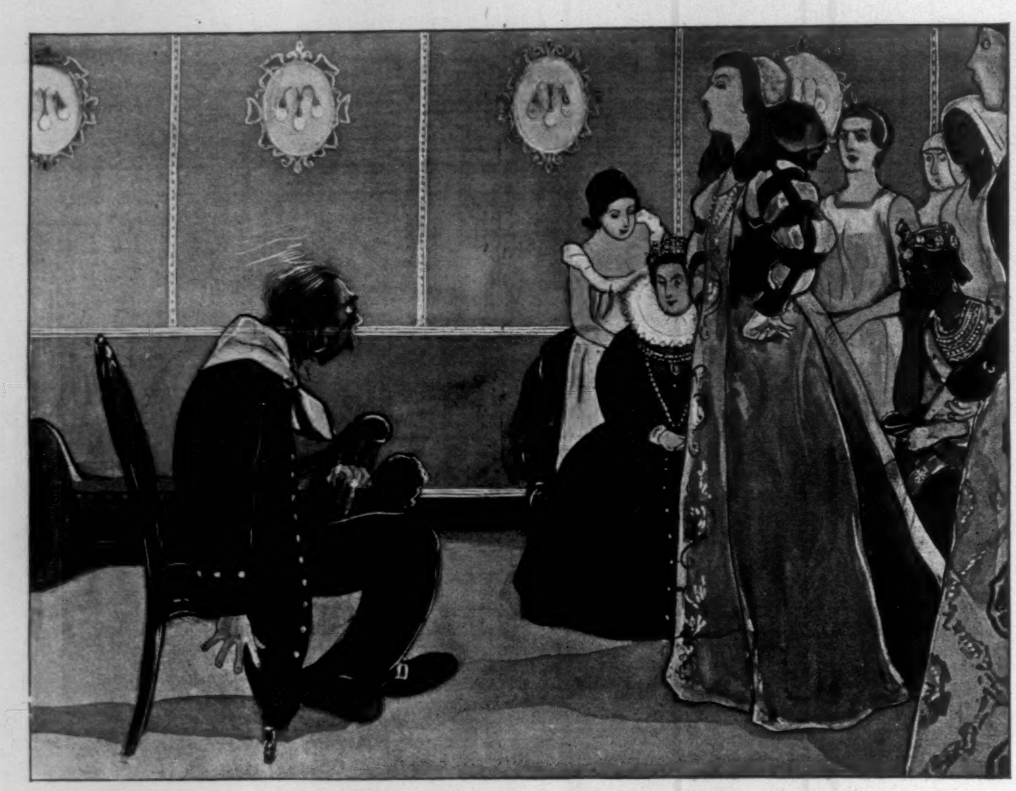
"I wish I could make up my mind as to whether he is outrageously handsome or desperately ugly," remarked Helen of Troy. "He fascinates me, but whether it is the fascination of liking or of horror I can't tell, and it's quite important."

"Ladies," resumed the Captain, his uneasiness increasing as he came to the point, "I am but the agent of your respective husbands, *fiancés*, and other masculine guardians. The gentlemen who were previously the tenants of this club-house have delegated to me the important, and, I may add, highly agreeable, task of showing you the world. They have noted of late years the growth of that feeling of unrest which is becoming every day more and more conspicuous in feminine circles in all parts of the universe—on the earth, where women are clamoring to vote, and to be allowed to go out late at night without an escort; in Hades, where, as you are no doubt aware, the management of the government has fallen almost wholly into the hands of the Furies; and even in the halls of Jupiter himself, where, I am credibly informed, Juno has been taking private lessons in the art of hurling thunderbolts—information which the extraordinary quality of recent electrical storms on the earth would seem to confirm. Thunder-bolts of late years have been cast hither and yon in a most erratic fashion, striking where they were least expected, as those of you who keep in touch with the outer world must be fully aware. Now, actuated by their usual broad and liberal motives, the men of Hades wish to meet the views of you ladies to just that extent to which your views are based upon a wise selection, in turn based upon experience, and they have come to me and in so many words have said, 'Mr. Kidd, we wish the women of Hades to see the world. We want them to be satisfied. We do not like this constantly increasing spirit of unrest. We, who have seen all the life that we care to see, do not ourselves feel equal to the task of showing them about. We will pay you liberally if you will take our House-boat, which they have always been anxious to enter, and personally conduct our beloved ones to Paris, London, and elsewhere. Let them see as much of life as they can stand. Accord them every privilege. Spare no expense; only bring them back again to us safe and sound.' These were their words, ladies. I asked them why they did not come along themselves, saying that even if they were tired of it all, they should make some personal sacrifice to your comfort; and they answered, reasonably and well, that they would be only too glad to do so, but that they feared they might unconsciously seem to exert a repressing influence upon you. 'We want them to feel absolutely free, Captain Kidd,' said they, 'and if we are along they may not feel so.' The answer was convincing, ladies, and I accepted the commission."

"But we knew nothing of all this," interposed Eliza-

---

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2094.



CAPTAIN KIDD CONSENTS TO BE CROSS-EXAMINED BY PORTIA.

beth. "The subject was not broached to us by our husbands, brothers, *fiancés*, or fathers. My brother, Sir Walter Raleigh—"

Cleopatra chuckled. "Brother! Brother's good," she said.

"Well, that's what he is," retorted Elizabeth, quickly. "I promised to be a sister to him, and I'm going to keep my word. That's the kind of a queen I am. I was about to remark," Elizabeth added, turning to the Captain, "that my brother, Sir Walter Raleigh, never even hinted at any such plan, and usually he asked my advice in matters of so great importance."

"That is easily accounted for, madam," retorted Kidd. "Sir Walter intended this as a little surprise for you, that is all. The arrangements were all placed in his hands, and it was he who bound us all to secrecy. None of the ladies were to be informed of it."

"It does not sound altogether plausible," interposed Portia. "If you ladies do not object, I should like to cross-examine this—ah—gentleman."

Kidd paled visibly. He was not prepared for any such trial; however, he put as good a face on the matter as he could, and announced his willingness to answer any questions that he might be asked.

"Shall we put him under oath?" asked Cleopatra.

"As you please, ladies," said the pirate. "A pirate's word is as good as his bond; but I'll take an oath if you choose—a half-dozen of 'em, if need be."

"I fancy we can get along without that," said Portia. "Now, Captain Kidd, who first proposed this plan?"

"Socrates," said Kidd, unblushingly, with a sly glance at Xanthippe.

"What?" cried Xanthippe. "My husband propose anything that would contribute to my pleasure or intellectual advancement? Bah! Your story is transparently false at the outset."

"Nevertheless," said Kidd, "the scheme was proposed by Socrates. He said a trip of that kind for Xanthippe would be very restful and health-giving."

"For me?" cried Xanthippe, sceptically.

"No, madame; for him," retorted Kidd.

"Ah—ho-ho! That's the way of it, eh?" said Xanthippe, flushing to the roots of her hair. "Very likely. You—ah—you will excuse my doubting your word, Captain Kidd, a moment since. I withdraw my remark, and in order to make fullest reparation, I beg to assure these ladies that I am now perfectly convinced that you are telling the truth. That last observation is just like my husband, and when I get back home again, if I ever do, well—ha, ha!—we'll have a merry time, that's all."

"And what was—ah—Bassanio's connection with this affair?" added Portia, hesitatingly.

"He was not informed of it," said Kidd, archly. "I am not acquainted with Bassanio, my lady, but I overheard Sir Walter enjoining upon the others the absolute necessity of keeping the whole affair from Bassanio, because he was afraid he would not consent to it. 'Bassanio has a most beautiful wife, gentlemen,' said Sir Walter, 'and he wouldn't think of parting with her under any circumstances; therefore let us keep our intentions a secret from him.' I did not hear whom the gentleman married, madame; but the others, Prince Hamlet, the Duke of Buckingham, and Louis the Fourteenth, all agreed that Mrs. Bassanio was too beautiful a person to be separated from, and that it was better, therefore, to keep Bassanio in the dark as to their little enterprise until it was too late for him to interfere."

A pink glow of pleasure suffused the lovely countenance of the cross-examiner, and it did not require a very sharp eye to see that the wily Kidd had completely won her over to his side. On the other hand, Elizabeth's brow became as corrugated as her ruff, and the spirit of the pirate shivered to the core as he turned and gazed upon that glowering face.

"Sir Walter agreed to that, did he?" snapped Elizabeth. "And yet he was willing to part with—ah—his sister."

"Well, your Majesty," began Kidd, hesitatingly, "you see, it was this way. Sir Walter—er—did say that, but—ah—he—ah—but he added that he of course merely judged—er—this man Bassanio's feelings by his own in parting from his sister—"

"Did he say sister?" cried Elizabeth.

"Well—no—not in those words," shuffled Kidd, perceiving quickly wherein his error lay, "but—ah—I jumped at the conclusion, seeing his intense enthusiasm for the lady's beauty and—er—intellectual qualities, that he referred to you, and it is from yourself that I have gained my knowledge as to the fraternal, not to say sororal, relationship that exists between you."

"That man's a diplomat from Diptown!" muttered Sir Henry Morgan, who, with Abeuchapeta and Conrad, was listening at the port without.

"He is that," said Abeuchapeta, "but he can't last much longer. He's perspiring like a pitcher of ice-water on a hot day, and a spirit of his size and volatile nature can't stand much of that without evaporating. If you will observe him closely you will see that his left arm already has vanished into thin air."

"By Jove!" whispered Conrad, "that's a fact! If they don't let up on him he'll vanish. He's getting excessively tenuous about the top of his head."

All of which was only too true. Subjected to a scrutiny which he had little expected, the deceitful ambassador of the thieving band was rapidly dissipating, and, as those without had so fearsomely noted, was in imminent danger of complete sublimation, which, in the case of one possessed of so little elementary purity, meant nothing short of annihilation. Fortunately for Kidd, however, his wonderful tact had stemmed the tide of suspicion. Elizabeth was satisfied with his explanation, and in the minds of at least three of the most influential ladies on board, Portia, Xanthippe, and Elizabeth, he became a creature worthy of credence, which meant that he had nothing more to fear.

"I am prepared, your Majesty," said Elizabeth, addressing Cleopatra, "to accept from this time on the gentleman's word. The little that he has already told us is hall-marked with truth. I should like to ask, however, one more question, and that is how our gentleman friends expected to embark us upon this voyage without letting us into the secret?"

"Oh, as for that," replied Kidd, with a deep-drawn sigh of relief—for he too had noticed the gradual evaporation of his arm and the incipient etherization of his cranium—"as for that, it was simple enough. There was to have been a day set apart for ladies' day at the club, and when you were all on board we were quietly to weigh anchor and start. The fact that you had anticipated the day of your own volition was telephoned by my scouts to me at my headquarters, and that news was by me transmitted by messenger to Sir Walter at Charon's Glen Island, where the long-talked-of fight between Samson and Goliath was taking place. Raleigh immediately replied: '*Good! Start at once. Paris first. Unlimited credit. Love to Elizabeth.*' Wherefore, ladies," he added, rising from his chair and walking to the door—"wherefore you are here and in my care. Make yourselves comfortable, and with the aid of the fashion papers which you have already received prepare yourselves for the joys that await you. With the aid of Madame Récamier and Baedeker's *Paris*, which you will find in the library, it will be your own fault if when you arrive there you resemble a great many less fortunate women who don't know what they want."

With these words Kidd disappeared through the door, and fainted in the arms of Sir Henry Morgan. The strain upon him had been too great.

"A charming fellow," said Portia, as the pirate disappeared.

"Most attractive," said Elizabeth.

"Handsome, too, don't you think?" asked Helen of Troy.

"And truthful beyond peradventure," observed Xanthippe, as she reflected upon the words the Captain had attributed to Socrates. "I didn't believe him at first, but when he told me what my sweet-tempered philosopher had said, I was convinced."

"He's a sweet child," interposed Mrs. Noah, fondly. "One of my favorite grandchildren."

"Which makes it embarrassing for me to say," cried Cassandra, starting up angrily, "that he is a base caitiff!"

Had a bomb been dropped in the middle of the room, it could not have created a greater sensation than the words of Cassandra.

"What?" cried several voices at once. "A caitiff?"

"A caitiff with a capital K," retorted Cassandra. "I know that, because while he was telling his story I was listening to it with one ear and looking forward into the middle of next week with the other—I mean the other eye—and I saw—"

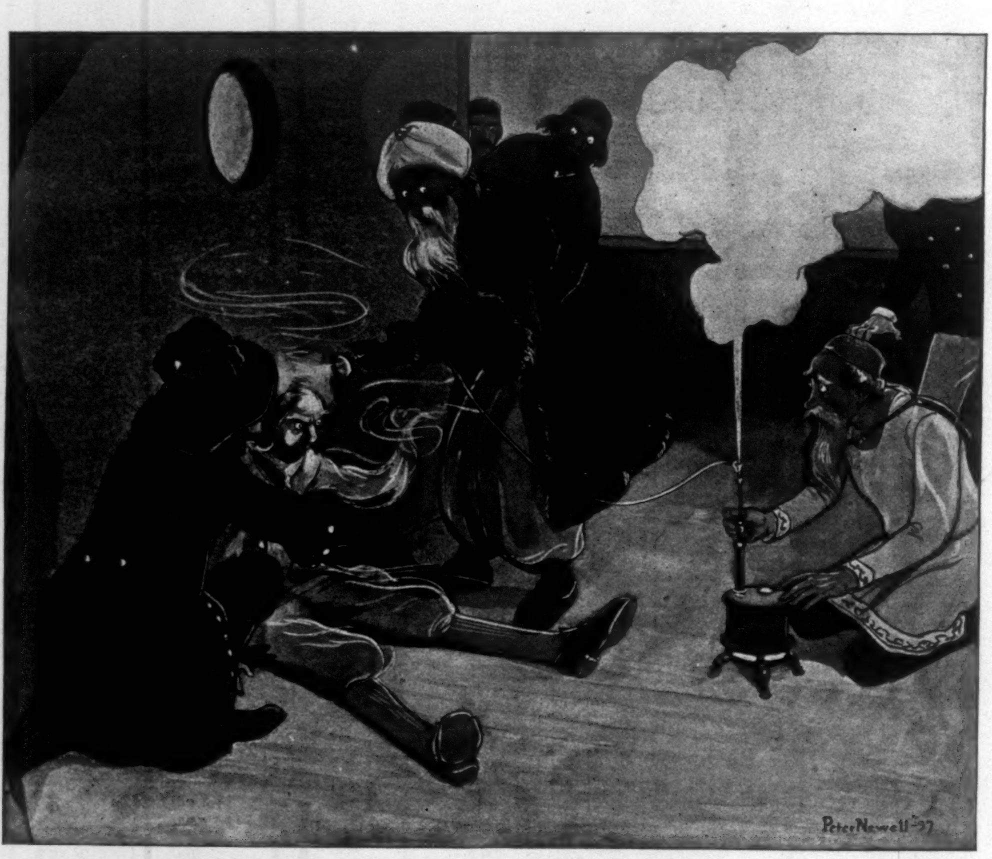
"Yes, you saw?" cried Cleopatra.

"I saw that he was deceiving us. Mark my words, ladies, he is a base caitiff," replied Cassandra—"a base caitiff."

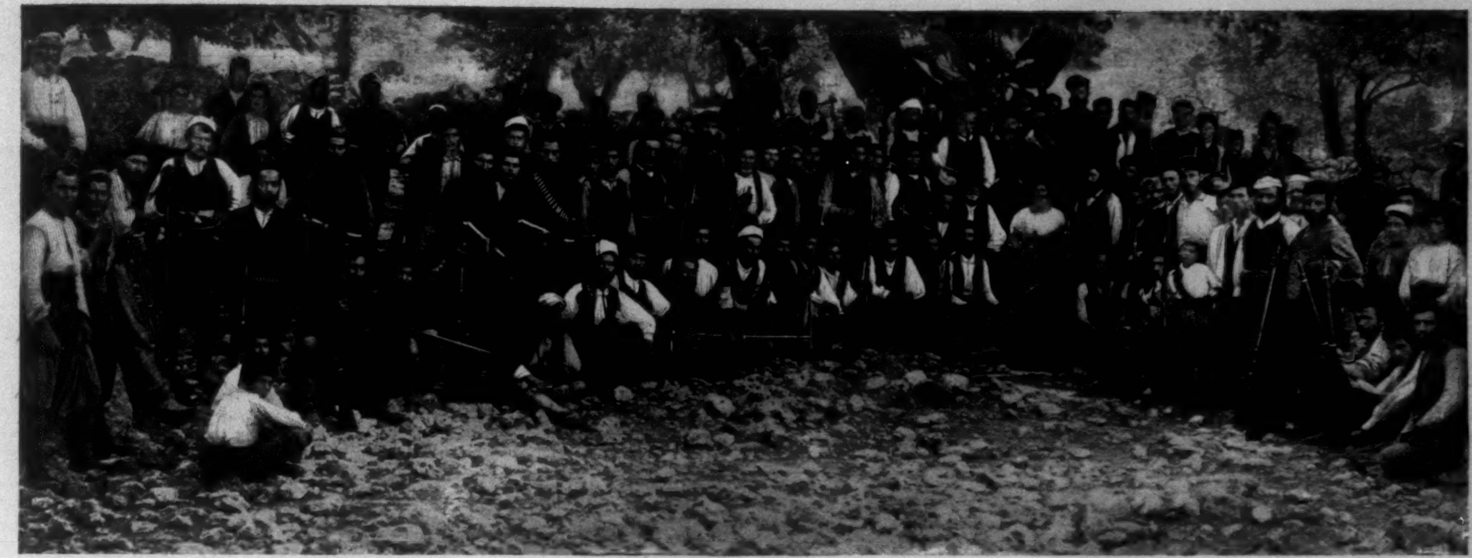
"What did you see?" cried Elizabeth, excitedly.

"This," said Cassandra, and she began a narration of future events which I must defer to the next chapter. Meanwhile his associates were endeavoring to restore the evaporated portions of the prostrated Kidd's spirit anatomy by the use of a steam-atomizer, but with indifferent success. Kidd's training had not fitted him for an intellectual combat with superior women, and he suffered accordingly.

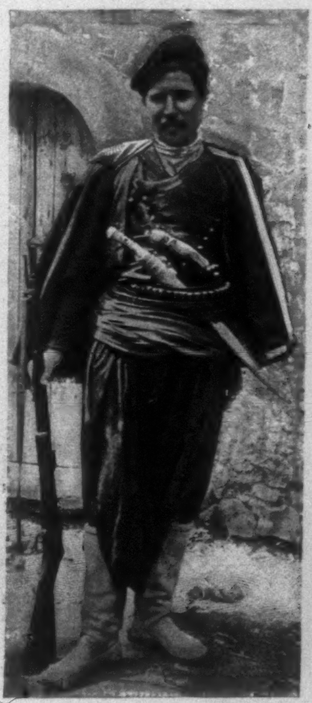
[TO BE CONTINUED.]



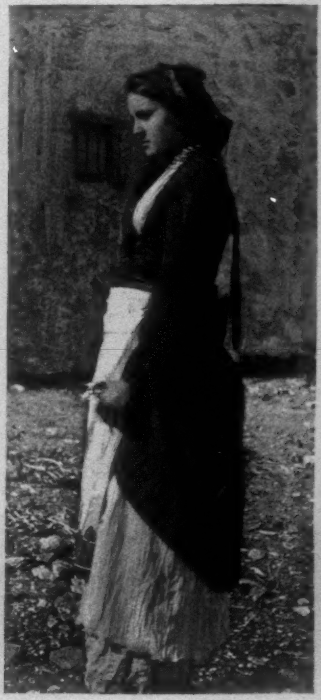
KIDD'S COMPANIONS ENDEAVORING TO RESTORE EVAPORATED PORTIONS OF HIS ANATOMY WITH A STEAM-ATOMIZER.



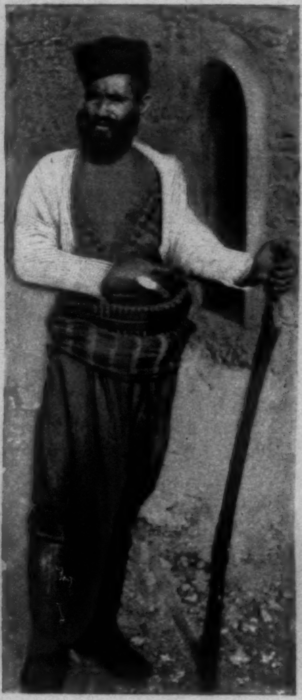
AN INSURGENT OUTPOST.



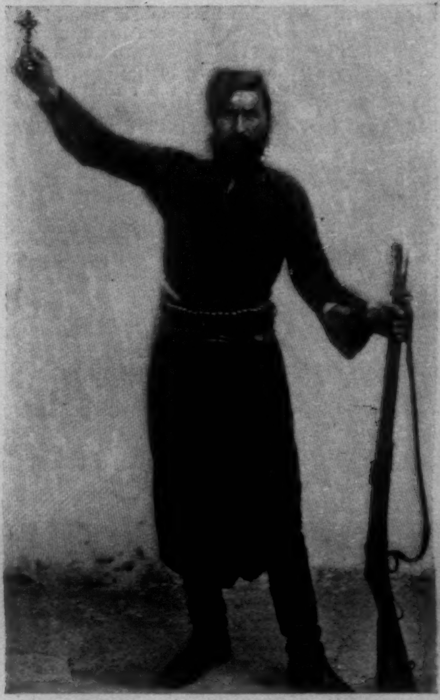
E. SKOULA—INSURGENT CHIEFTAIN AND FAMOUS DANCER.



SHEPHERD GIRL IN FESTAL COSTUME.

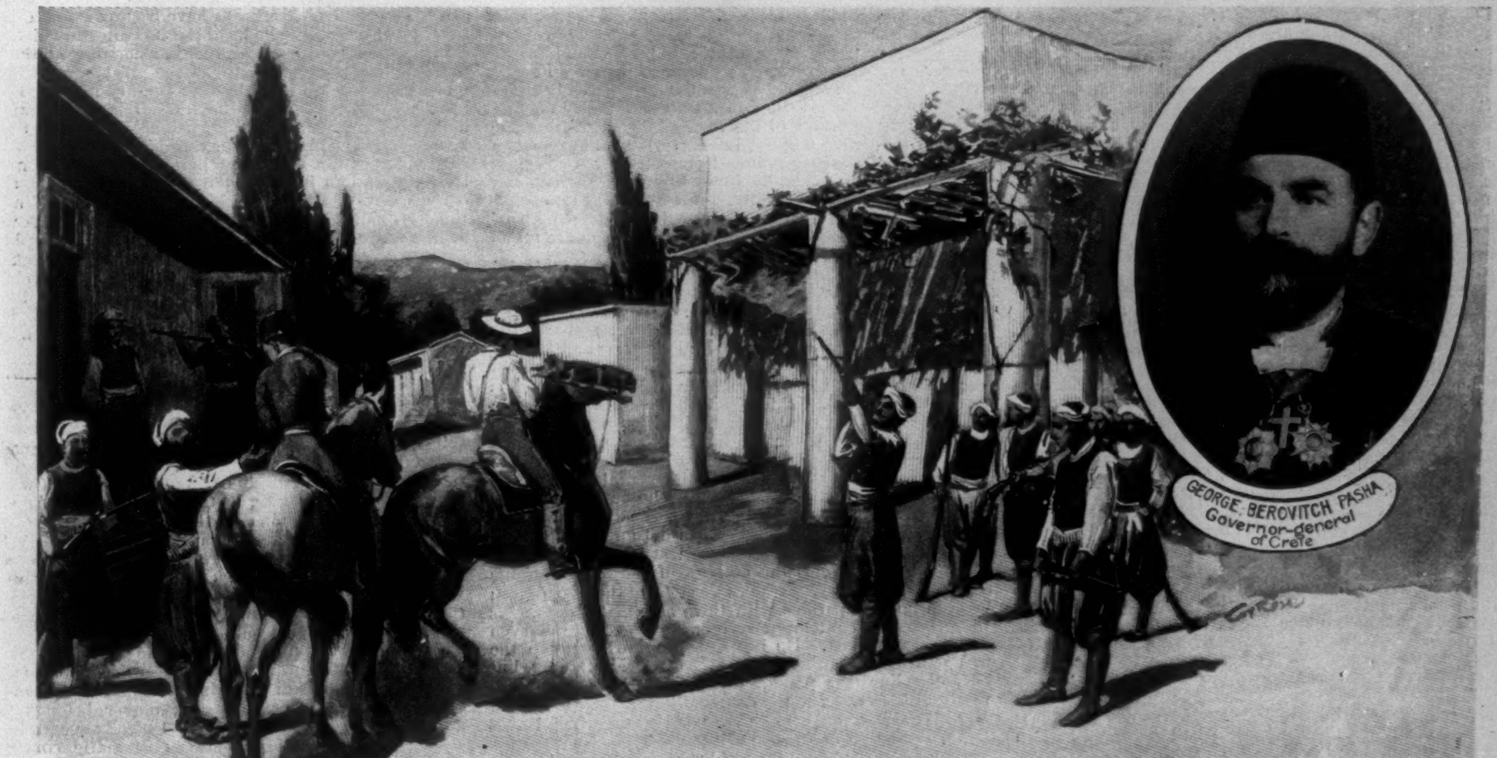


INSURGENT CHIEFTAIN FROM MOUNT IDA.



PAPA MALEKOS—MONK AND INSURGENT LEADER.

INSURGENT TYPES.


GEORGE BEROVITCH PASHA
Governor-general of Crete

WELCOMING VISITORS AT AN INSURGENT HEADQUARTERS.—Drawn by Guy Rose from a Sketch.

THE INSURRECTION IN CRETE.—[See Page 346.]

CRETE.

THE history of Crete furnishes an excellent illustration of the peculiar characteristics of Turkish rule, which constitute both its strength and its weakness. The Turk is a politician rather than a statesman. The few exceptions, like Ahmed Vefyk Pasha, president of the only Parliament Turkey ever tried, and Haired-din Pasha, the famous civil service reformer of the early part of Abd-ul-Hamid's reign, are the exceptions that by their failure prove the rule. The principle of Turkish administration has been never to solidify by harmonizing the various discordant elements of the empire, but to dominate by disintegration. Its motto has been, *divide et impera*. It has not only intensified the hostilities between Christians and Moslems, but has fostered equal bitterness among the Christians. It has set Greeks, Armenians, Bulgarians, Jacobites, Maronites, against one another so fiercely that no one has ever helped another, no matter how sore the need. The Greeks fought their war of independence alone, and in turn looked on in silence while the Bulgarians were massacred and the Armenians almost annihilated. In carrying out this policy the Turk has always been shrewd enough to use Christian tools. The harshest tax-collectors have been Christians, and they have not scrupled to vent their jealousy not merely on Moslems, but on the other Christian communities, while they have kept themselves solid with the government by being only less severe on their own people. Much the same course has been pursued in regard to higher offices. Armenians have been placed in positions of authority, and have fulfilled the expectation of their masters by dividing the counsels of their nation. Greeks have been very largely employed in the effort to make the world at large think the Sultan a model ruler. The man who has done more, probably, than almost any one else to hamper American education in Turkey, and to spread the idea that the Armenian massacres of last year were largely in the imagination of a few misguided individuals, was the Turkish minister at Washington—a Greek.

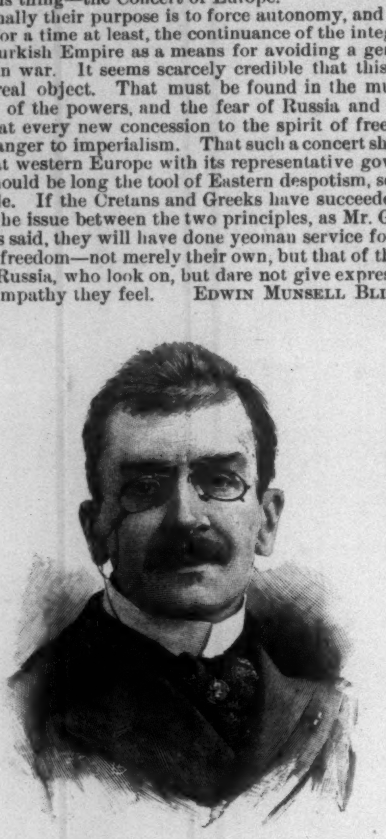
The present situation in Crete is the direct result of this general system. When, in 1669, after twenty-five years of hard fighting, the Turks wrested the island from the Venetians, who had held it for 465 years, about one-fifth of the people turned Moslem. The problem before the government was how to help that one-fifth so to dominate the four-fifths that its own rule should be assured. For two and a half centuries the task was comparatively easy. Turkish troops and ships were strong enough to overawe the Christians, who, after all, held a sort of semi-independent life. The outbreaks in Greece and the islands of the Ægean, however, stirred them, and since then the island has been in constant turmoil. Insurrection has followed insurrection, with, however, the invariable result of victory on the part of the Turk, due partly to better and more complete organization of his forces; partly to the lack of unity among the Cretans themselves, occasioned by the policy of three centuries; partly to the lack of outside support—they have fought their battles alone; partly to the positive assistance rendered to the Turks by Greeks of position and influence in Turkey. Since the era of reforms commenced, promises of better administration from Constantinople have been profuse, but their execution has always been intrusted to some man who to a Christian name has added a Turkish title. In such cases it is the title that directs the policy, and reforms for Crete have been as illusory as those for Armenia.

The hope for the success of the present insurrection lies chiefly in two facts: the absolute rejection by the Cretans of all propositions for autonomy coupled with the suzerainty of the Sultan, and the active assistance of Greece. The doughty islanders realize that under the circumstances autonomy means practically a continuance of the old system. The case of Samos is scarcely parallel. That is a small island, compact, and with no clashing interests. It is, moreover, ruled by its own hereditary nobility. In Crete it would be very different. No one native family could command the cordial allegiance of the entire island, and a foreigner would find himself the subject of intrigue and misrepresentation. Between his unruly subjects and his exacting suzerain, his position would be untenable. The nearest parallel is that of Servia, but the history of Servia is not encouraging; the years of her semi-independence were years of turmoil and trouble. Bulgaria fared somewhat, but not very much, better. Altogether, the insurgent leaders are convinced that there is nothing to be gained by half-way measures. Having struck for union with Greece, they propose to hold out until they secure it. This determination of the insurgents, however, would hardly carry the day but for the active interference of Greece. It is not necessary to inquire too closely into the causes for that interference. On the part of the people there is unquestionably immense enthusiasm for the Cretans. The sight of the refugees as they have landed at the Piræus the stories told of Turkish oppression, have aroused the old-time hostility of Greeks for Turks, and the same spirit burns now that flamed up when their independence was secured. Among the leaders there is less of enthusiasm, more of calculation. The Greek government has always claimed that Crete belonged to it, yet it has not hitherto asserted that claim with any vigor. It would not be unnatural if there were a little dread mingled with the ambition for an enlarged Greece. There is still a proverb in the Levant, "Beware of the three K's—Kappadokia, Kilikia, and Krete." Just what effect Cretan mountaineers would have in the discussions in the Boule is not entirely evident. However, "nothing venture, nothing have," and King George and M. Delyannis have cast in their lot with their own people and—the Cretans.

Both insurgents and Greeks have, however, run up against an obstacle which apparently neither anticipated. When Prince George left Piræus with his expedition of filibusters (in law, if not in equity), he is believed to have received from St. Petersburg a telegram: "Allez vite." This seemed to insure Russian support, even if, as many suppose, the insurrection itself was not instigated north of the Black Sea. England had definitely thrown the Sultan overboard. France, of course, would follow Russia; and Italy, England. The Prince seemed perfectly safe, so far as Europe was concerned. As for the Sultan, his fleet would probably not get far beyond the Marmora, and his soldiers would find the defiles of Thessaly not the easiest travelling. Suddenly the whole scene changed. The allied fleets of Europe appeared off Crete, and the air was full of ultimatums and blockades. Now the island is surrounded by the representatives of that great and wondrous thing—the Concert of Europe.

Nominally their purpose is to force autonomy, and thus secure, for a time at least, the continuance of the integrity of the Turkish Empire as a means for avoiding a general European war. It seems scarcely credible that this can be the real object. That must be found in the mutual jealousy of the powers, and the fear of Russia and Germany that every new concession to the spirit of freedom means danger to imperialism. That such a concert should hold, that western Europe with its representative governments should be long the tool of Eastern despotism, seems incredible. If the Cretans and Greeks have succeeded in forcing the issue between the two principles, as Mr. Gladstone has said, they will have done yeoman service for the cause of freedom—not merely their own, but that of those, even in Russia, who look on, but dare not give expression to the sympathy they feel.

EDWIN MUNSELL BLISS.



M. FERDINAND BRUNETIÈRE.

IT is one of the many advantages of the Percy Turnbull Memorial Lectureship of Poetry, at the Johns Hopkins University, that it brings to this country from the far side of the Western Ocean distinguished speakers who might not otherwise have been tempted to visit America. Thus it was that Professor Jebb was induced to come over to lecture on Greek poetry; and now M. Ferdinand Brunetière is here lecturing on French poetry. When his course in Baltimore is completed he is to deliver another in New York, at the request of Columbia University; and he has engaged also to go to Cambridge to speak to the students of Harvard.

With the possible exception of the Scandinavian Brandes, M. Ferdinand Brunetière is now easily the foremost of living critics. He has a scholarship deeper than Lowell's, although perhaps not so broad; he has a code as compact as Arnold's, and far more rigorously held; he has a mastery of facts and a power of marshalling them in support of his theme equal to Taine's; and he has an impartiality equal to Sainte-Beuve's, and in some ways superior—since it is impossible to imagine M. Brunetière treating Feydeau, for example, with the lenity and the liking Sainte-Beuve showed toward that shabby novelist. And while Sainte-Beuve and Arnold and Lowell were poets also, and while Taine became a historian of politics, M. Brunetière is a critic only, a critic always, a critic of literature pure and simple.

His somewhat aggressive dogmatism is in marked contrast with the ironic fluidity of M. Anatole France and with the witty brilliancy of M. Jules Lemaître, whom many might look upon as M. Brunetière's chief rivals in his own country. It may be doubted whether M. Anatole France is really a critic, in any exact use of the word; he is merely a clever and learned dilettante who negligently records his fleeting impressions of the books he chances to read. It cannot be denied that M. Lemaître is made of sterner stuff; with all his easy-going alertness and his exaggerated lightness of touch, he loves literature for its own sake and he respects it loyally. But both M. France and M. Lemaître have been tainted by Renanism; both of them affect extreme detachment; both of them are prone to leave criticism for story-telling and play-writing. M. Brunetière is a critic—first, last, and always.

And in another way does M. Brunetière differ widely from M. France and M. Lemaître. They keenly enjoy their contemporaries; M. Lemaître has even recorded the fact that a modern comedy of MM. Meilhac and Halévy may give him more pleasure sometimes than a masterpiece of Molière. M. Brunetière, on the other hand, does not overmuch relish this nineteenth century of ours; where he breathes most freely is in company with the great men of the seventeenth century. Corneille and Racine are his chosen companions, Pascal and Bossuet; and it is Bossuet that he had liefer praise than any other classic. It cannot be said that he has not read the authors of the past fifty years, nor that he does not understand them, nor even that he does not appreciate them. He does not like them, that is all; at least he does not like them as he likes the authors of the middle of the seventeenth century. He does not esteem them so highly; he does not sympathize with them at all. Therefore his judgments on contemporary literature seem harsh even when they are just. He has declared fairly enough the real merits of Flaubert, of M. Zola, of M. Daudet, but only in a line or a paragraph at most, while he devoted the rest of his essay to the enumeration of their demerits. Here is a disproportion of praise and blame which leaves an impression of undue sternness.

Some critics seem to consider themselves spies sent forward in advance to discover a land flowing with milk and honey. Some hold themselves rather to be judges, inexorable in the separation of the goats from the sheep; and these latter are likely to appear prejudiced now and again in spite of their utmost endeavor to hold the scales even. M. Brunetière is one of these last. He is unfailingly frank, sincere, and direct; he is also dry, hard, and cutting. He knows always what he is talking about; he has been solidly trained in philosophy; he has immense erudition; he has explored every nook and corner of French literature; and he possesses the outlines at least of every other modern literature. He has a penetrating insight and an unhesitating courage in attack. He revels in iconoclasm. He joys in destruction. He finds more delight in dwelling on defects than in setting forth the finer qualities. He applies always the loftiest standards, and he measures all modern work by the eternal model of the classics. He denounces the theory that the criticism of vices is more sterile than the criticism of virtues; and here he is in opposition to Goethe.

And yet M. Brunetière can be affirmative when need be, although he is negative more often than not. Destructive as he has been generally, especially at the beginning of his career, he is now constructive also. He is a critic who is a literary historian, and who has developed into a literary philosopher with a thesis to maintain—a thesis quite as interesting as those of Sainte-Beuve and Taine. Sainte-Beuve set himself to study the natural history of the mind; behind every book he sought out the author as a man, born of this or that stock, directed by this or that education, influenced by this or that friendship, swerved aside by this or that accident; and thus it was the innermost soul of each writer that he tried to lay bare. Taine was more rigidly scientific in his method; and his theory is exposed clearly in his *History of English Literature*, that most stimulating and lop-sided of books. Taine held that the literature of any nation was the inevitable result of its heredity and its environment; and therefore that English literature might be deduced logically from a knowledge of the English-speaking race, of the climate and geography of the British Isles, and of the history of the kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. This theory is seductive; it explains everything—except the reason why individual genius expands in its own way.

M. Brunetière's theory is scientific also; it is again an application to literature of Spencerian-Darwinism. He has called his theory the "Evolution des Genres"—*genre* meaning *kind*, as the elegy, the essay, tragedy, comedy, and so forth. He holds that each of these literary forms is what a biologist would call a species, and he takes as his task to trace its evolution and its transformations under the pressure of changing circumstance. Every species being the result of a specific demand, in that it satisfies some special need of mankind, any decay of a species suggests that there has been a decline in the feelings of which this form was an expression. Sometimes we see a sudden expansion of some department of literature, and we can discover by search that some other department closely akin to this has lost its vitality, which has gone to swell that of the species now more exuberantly flourishing. Thus M. Brunetière is prepared to explain many of the obscurer phenomena of literary history—the rise, for example, of the romances of chivalry on the ruins of epic poetry. This theory is more useful than Taine's, and more logical; and, without adopting it absolutely, one may venture to suggest that it is likely to be of great service to the literary historians of the future.

M. Brunetière is always independent and combative. He holds to his beliefs irreconcilably. He declares that there is a hierarchy of species in literature, that certain kinds are more important than certain others, and that tragedy, for instance, and commemorative oratory are in themselves superior to the fable and to the short story. He is individual and austere. He has always a reason for the faith that is in him. He detests impressionist criticism, the mere statement of the personal equation. He disapproves absolutely of the theory of "art for art's sake," believing that art is of value chiefly as it expresses a sound philosophy. From the very beginning he has spoken as one having authority; and at the very beginning he made a wise choice of the platform from which he would speak.

Born in 1849, it was in 1875 that his first criticism appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. To that greatest of reviews most of his essays have been contributed; and for several years now he has been its editor-in-chief. He is also a member of the Academy, a lecturer at the Sorbonne, and a chief professor at the great Normal School whence so many of the leading literary men of France have been graduated. But he himself is not a graduate; he has taken none of the higher honors of the university; he never made his doctorate. With no advantages but a resolute will, a robust intelligence, a consciousness of strength, and an immense power of work, he has shouldered his way to the front and made for himself a position unequalled since the death of Sainte-Beuve. A writer at first whose periods had always an oratorical amplitude, he has revealed himself more recently as a speaker of commanding force. Of his half-score or more of volumes, reprinted essays or lectures all of them, no one has yet been translated into English. It is greatly to be hoped that at least the lectures delivered in America may be presented to our public in our own language.

BRANDER MATTHEWS.

"THE SERENADE."

THAT excellent operatic company the Bostonians have spent their energies on dubious musical successes since the bright days and nights of their *Robin Hood* winters. Their finding something in the way of a new American comic opera really suited to them and to public favor is an incident among the pleasantest of this season's latter weeks. *The Serenade*, a three-act score, composed by Mr. Victor Herbert, to a book by Mr. Harry B. Smith, met with an instantly cordial reception on its first hearing at the Broadway Theatre some three weeks ago. Succeeding performances have drawn large and yet larger audiences. This verdict of popular favor—more than that, this verdict of metropolitan favor—has been the plainer and the more gayly rendered as evening has succeeded to evening with laughter, applause, and whatever belongs to an amusing piece admirably sung and wholly successful.

The Serenade, in its humorous dramatic course and changing situations, is not evolved on new motives for a libretto so much as upon Mr. Smith's well-known workmanship with cleverly contrasted stock materials, and on the hilarious variations of old types and situations that seem ever sure to please the popular taste. There have been many, many operas indeed, from Wagner's *The Mastersingers of Nürnberg*, or Verdi's *Rigoletto*, down to *Nanon*, in which the proprietary or other use of a particular air by particular characters in the piece gives to it an essential part of its action, bringing about all sorts of odds and ends of romance, vaudeville, comedy, or even tragedy. It need not be said that with this theme Mr. Smith's muse is a very gay one. *The Serenade* possesses a libretto full of merrily impossible situations, and of the extravagances of comic opera, from first scene to last. All these, more or less essentially, are mixed up with, tangled into, the fact that a certain ardent Spanish opera-tenor pursues with the fire of a lover's pertinacious passion a young woman of rank. To her he has sung—the serenade that gives the opera its name. Unluckily the lover's pursuit brings him in contact with other people, romantic and unromantic, helpful or hindering. The air, the fateful lyric in question (and a suave and heart-melting little waltz it is), is not of Carlos Alvarado's own making; he has no copyright on its use. Unfortunately it is so catching that whoever hears it once insists on knowing it and singing it. As a means of wooing, and indeed of amatory identification, therefore, poor Carlos Alvarado, the opera-tenor, soon finds it perilously common. A cracked voice and decayed star of the Madrid opera long has had it by heart as a relic of his own triumphant days, and he yet can shriek it. He is unkindly arrested by the heroine's guardian, who lives but to drive away his ward's suitors—like Rossini's Doctor Bartolo. An impassioned middle-aged tailor of Madrid also burns with love for the demure Dolores; and he must needs learn and roar forth the strain as a sure charm toward finding favor in her eyes, and also go a-chasing after her. A monastery of monks (who live a good deal after the rule of the famous Abbey of Theleme)—they too, in course of things, come to know the malicious tune, and, with some changes of tempo and solemn counterpoint, they smuggle it into their antiphonary. The sedate little conventual school of misses next door, a school under holy care, catches the tune like an influenza, and is demoralized by its rhythm. An amiable and attentive and spiritually minded parrot—the monastery's own sedate parrot—gets it by heart. Meantime the spiteful guardian of the Lady Dolores—he happens to be a duke, the Duke of Santa Cruz, though Mr. Smith does not tell us whether of Santa Cruz mahogany or Santa Cruz rum—is dragging his fair ward all over Spain to get rid of serenade and serenaders, with the precise and truly operatic trick of seeming to do nothing so constantly as to keep within ear-shot of the same air, that drives him quite frantic. The gathering complications of affairs can be guessed. There are others than those rising from the serenade. In fact, Mr. Smith has put together an extravaganza rich in the topsy-turvies that tickle the popular tastes, and make an evening with *The Serenade* one of almost uninterrupted laughter. One can imagine what life and stir come to so lively a series of episodes when Mr. Barnabee, Mr. Macdonald, Mr. Cowles, Mr. George Frothingham, Mr. Harry Brown, Miss Jessie Bartlett Davis, and Miss Hilda Clark all are lavish together of their liveliest histrionics. It is played *con spirito* from beginning to end. One quite envies all those who can make an audience so mirthful for two or three hours, and does not omit that delightful little Benedictine of the Monastery of St. Benedict, whose gayety and lightness of foot are such an ornament to his chapter and his ecclesiastical profession.

It goes without saying that Mr. Herbert's score is a very good score. But one can say so now and say it again. Full of clever melody; compact; written with much wit in some of its musical episodes, and always with grace; orchestrated even more elegantly and effectively than *The Wizard of the Nile*—here is a new member of that "American opera" series, lengthening in its membership in incontestable merit, judged by any standards, each year. There is not a dull or mechanical number in Mr. Herbert's score; and in the second act the delightfully clever music, setting a situation one half of which suggests a painting by Grützner and the other half the *Fille du Tambour Major*, enlivens a long episode full of concerted writing of excellent quality, especially worthy of applause. *The Serenade* should make its way abroad, as has *The Wizard of the Nile*, on an indisputable musical merit and a diverting libretto. It doubtless will do so. In the mean time it has the qualities to win the suffrages of more than one season's audiences all over the country to which its collaborators belong.

E. Irenaeus Stevenson.

THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.

The Museum of Natural History was incorporated in 1869 by a number of public-spirited citizens. In 1870 the Department of Public Parks offered Manhattan Square to the trustees for the location of the buildings.

The corner-stone of the first building was laid on June 22, 1874, and December 22, 1877, it was formally opened by the President of the United States.

In 1882 Mr. Morris K. Jesup was chosen president, and during the years that have elapsed has pushed the interests and development of the museum with untiring energy.

The accumulating treasures soon rendered the original building entirely inadequate for the purposes of the institution, and a new building was determined upon.

After a competition among leading architects, the plans of Messrs. Cady, Berg, & See were selected, and they were appointed architects of the museum. As the original building was upon an interior lot, and would eventually be in the court-yard of the group of buildings, it was unnecessary to follow the architectural features of that structure, and the matter of style and material was open for consideration. As the buildings were to be in a park with surroundings of grass, trees, and shrubbery, it was felt that both the material and architectural treatment should be influenced by this fact. For this reason a warm reddish granite was chosen, its tones harmonizing well with the verdure about it, its rock-faced surfaces being in keeping with the scene. Granite, moreover, seemed especially suitable for a monumental building. The usual fault has been its coldness of color. In this case a granite of remarkably beautiful tone was found in Canada a little north of the State of Maine.

The quarries were small, but American enterprise opened them sufficiently to get, although with great difficulty, the stone needed for the building. As wing after wing has been added, the scheme itself has become more evident and its effect more impressive.

When the buildings at each end of the south façade shall have been completed, the whole front will be one of the greatest in extent in the country, and with its soft warm stone, its varied sky-lines and natural surroundings, will present a picture rarely seen in our great cities—a building of great extent in which color, form, and nature have been carefully considered for a harmonizing result.

Aside from the lecture-hall with one thousand sittings, the exhibition-floors comprise the main space of the several buildings. These are spacious and light, and many of them, where there is occasion for unbroken space, as in the lecture-hall, are entirely without columns.

The lecture-hall is in constant use, not only for the regular courses of lectures given by Professor Bickmore, but also for those given by many scientific societies, toward which the museum exercises a generous hospitality.

More and more the museum is becoming a great centre of public interest; on holidays it is estimated that 5000 persons are often present.

One of the most remarkable exhibits in the museum is the Jesup collection of the woods of America, filling entirely a great exhibition-floor. The woods have been scientifi-

(*Continued on page 348.*)

Advice to Mothers.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

STOP-OVER PRIVILEGE AT WASHINGTON.

A ten-day stop-over at Washington, D. C., is now granted on all through tickets between the east and west, via Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. Stop-over will also be granted on the return journey made on round-trip tickets, within the final limit of such tickets, but not exceeding ten days. Passengers will deposit their tickets with the ticket agent at B. & O. R. R. station in Washington, who will retain them until the journey is to be resumed, when they will be made good for continuous passage to destination by extension or exchange. This arrangement will doubtless be greatly appreciated by the travelling public, because it will permit the holders of through tickets to make a brief visit to the National Capital without additional outlay for railroad fare. Chas. O. Scull, Gen'l Pass. Agent.—[*Adv.*]

Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters is a world-renowned article—beware of imitations.—[*Adv.*]

Use BROWN'S Camphorated Saponaceous DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. 25 cents a jar.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Be sure you get Pears.

Good morning! Have you used Pears' soap?

There's a reason for the brightness
That this charming maid displays,
And she makes no secret of it
With her pretty winning ways;

It's a pleasantry she's fond of
As she throws the casement ope,
"Good Morning!" cries she gaily,
"Have you also used Pears' Soap?"

Pears' Soap is the best means of beautifying the skin and rendering it clear and transparent. 20 International Awards. Established over 100 years. All sorts of stores sell it—especially druggists; all sorts of people use it. There are soaps offered as substitutes which are dangerous—be sure you get

Pears' Soap.

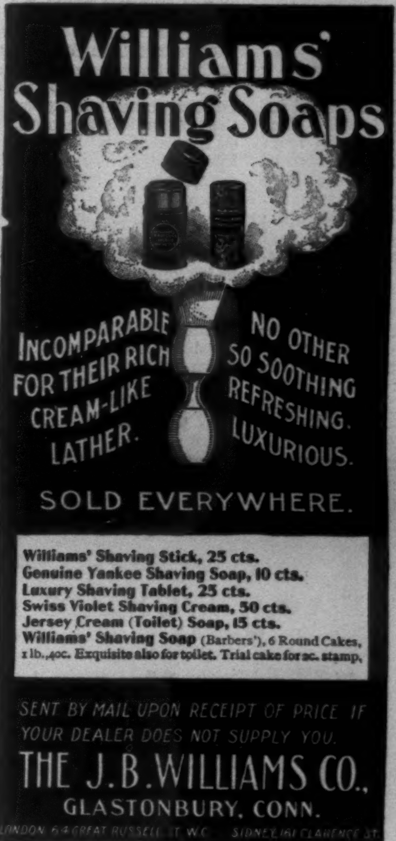
WHITE ROSE
TRADE №4711. MARK
GLYCERINE SOAP

Upheld by Beautiful Women Everywhere as the finest, most delicately perfumed and purest Toilet Soap manufactured. Always ask for and insist upon having

№4711. White Rose Transparent Glycerine Soap. Send 15 cents in stamps for sample cake.

MÜLHENS & KROPFF, NEW YORK, U. S. AGENTS

GIBBS & WAGSTAFF NY


Williams' Shaving Soaps

Incomparable for their rich cream-like lather.

No other so soothing refreshing. luxurious.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Williams' Shaving Stick, 25 cts.
Genuine Yankee Shaving Soap, 10 cts.
Luxury Shaving Tablet, 25 cts.
Swiss Violet Shaving Cream, 50 cts.
Jersey Cream (Toilet) Soap, 15 cts.
Williams' Shaving Soap (Barbers'), 6 Round Cakes, 1 lb., 40c. Exquisite also for toilet. Trial cake for 2c. stamp.

SENT BY MAIL UPON RECEIPT OF PRICE IF YOUR DEALER DOES NOT SUPPLY YOU.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO.,
GLASTONBURY, CONN.

LONDON 64 GREAT RUSSELL ST W.C. SIDNEY, 161 CLARENCE ST.

By Mark Twain

THE AMERICAN CLAIMANT

And Other Stories and Sketches. By Mark Twain. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $1 75. (New Edition.)

In addition to the longer story, which is one of the most popular of all Mark Twain's stories, there are included in this volume "The Private History of a Campaign that Failed," "Luck," "A Curious Experience," "Mrs. McWilliams and the Lightning," "Meisterschaft: In Three Acts," "The £1,000,000 Bank-Note," "A Cure for the Blues," and the striking paper on "Mental Telegraphy," which on its first publication a few years ago was so widely discussed, and has since had so many exemplifications.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York

BOKER'S BITTERS

The oldest and best Specific against dyspepsia; an appetizer and a promoter of digestion.

Ask your Grocer, Liquor Dealer, or Druggist.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. Sure relief ASTHMA. Price 35 cts. by mail. Stowell & Co. Charlestown, Mass.

PLAYS Dialogues, Speakers for School, Club and Parlor. Catalogue free. T. S. DENISON, Publisher, Chicago, Ill.

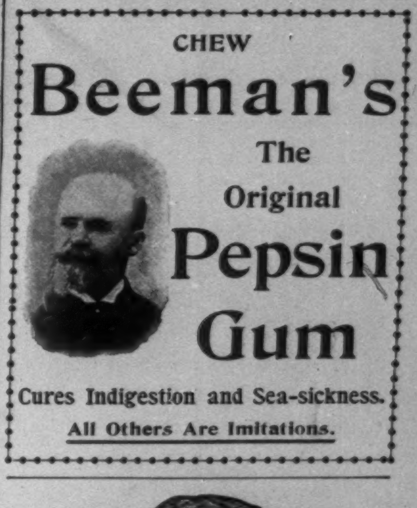
DIDN'T FIGURE RIGHT

And the best wheel ever made without a MESINGER saddle is no nearer right. To the seat is due the pleasure and health of riding. It can injure or benefit. The MESINGER is endorsed by physicians and riders everywhere for comfort, health, and durability.

PRICE $3.50.

Mention where you saw this, and send 4c. for souvenir pin.

MESINGER RATTAN SADDLE
Try our 10 in width.
HULBERT BROS. & CO.
33 WEST 23D ST.-OPP. FORMER STORE.


CHEW
Beeman's
The Original
Pepsin
Gum

Cures Indigestion and Sea-sickness.

All Others Are Imitations.

GREGORY'S SEED CATALOGUE FOR 1897

This book should be in the hands of all who wish to be successful in planting. It is a safe guide to right seeds and right methods. It makes you acquainted with

Gregory's Seeds

the purity and reliability of which are known to all successful planters. Gregory's Seed catalogue is sent free of charge to anyone anywhere.

J. J. H. GREGORY & SON,
Marblehead, Mass.

Send 10c. for The A. B. FROST No. of The Art Student if you are interested in ILLUSTRATING. Address The Art Student, 132 W. 23d St., N. Y. City.

(Continued from page 347.)

cally classified in groups by Professor C. S. Sargent, of Harvard University, each group representing the periods of their existence and the insects that are destructive to them.

Sections of the trunks of the trees show the exterior appearance; polished specimens of the wood show its possibilities. Twigs and leaves of wax give an idea of the foliage, as well as the insects which live or prey upon them, while large and beautiful water-colors give also a life-size showing of leaf, fruit, or flower.

Another very practical exhibit is that of the stones of the country in their natural, tooled, and polished states, showing fully the capabilities of each class—an enormous variety.

Other floors are occupied with the exhibits of birds, of butterflies, of rare animals, and of the skeletons of birds and beasts of prehistoric ages. There are also departments with fine exhibits of shells, stones, and gems, including the famous collection exhibited at Paris by Tiffany, and purchased by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan. The collection illustrating the history of man includes the gifts of Mr. Villard, Mr. H. R. Bishop, Mr. Appleton Sturgis, and Mr. Jesup, and presents the largest data for studying the life of the inhabitants of the less familiar portions of the world, including Peru, British Columbia, the Pacific Coast, Mexico, and South America.

Parties led by scientific experts are constantly at work securing treasures for the museum. Its large buildings do not yet begin to accommodate its rare possessions. Great collections are stowed away in all sorts of places.

Only with the completion of the whole south front is relief likely to be found, and a fair presentation made to the public of all the rare possessions which the president and directors are constantly acquiring. It will then indeed be one of the greatest museums in the world, and will possess exhibits of rare importance that can be seen nowhere else.

H. M. PETTIT.

THE ENGLISH MUNICIPAL SERVICE.

IN their modern form none of the British municipal institutions are more than half a century old. The Poor Law Boards date from 1834, the Town Councils from 1835, and the School Boards from 1870. The measure of success attending each has been due to uniformity in the systems; to the oversight exercised by government departments in London; to the character and standing of the men who have given their time to the unpaid municipal service; and to the stability which has always characterized the paid service.

Each of the elected bodies responsible for the three great departments of the municipal service has its work laid down for it by acts of Parliament; and in addition to a responsibility to the people who elect it, it has a direct responsibility to a central department in London, which in its turn is responsible to Parliament. Over the Poor Law, and over the administration of the sanitary laws, the Local Government Board exercises a close and constant supervision. It is the same with regard to the School Boards and the education laws. Much is left to local initiative, but the Council for Education at Whitehall very promptly brings to account a School Board which may be exceeding its powers, or retarding education in its district by not acting fully up to them. None of these elected local bodies has anything to hope from either political party at Westminster. Uniformity of treatment awaits a Town Council or a Board of Guardians when it has business at the Local Government Board, whether the president of the department is a member of a Liberal or a Tory administration.

It must not be inferred, however, that national politics have nothing to do with the municipal service. In many places Liberal and Tory lines are sharply drawn at municipal elections, and the local machinery which exists primarily for Parliamentary elections is brought into play to elect Liberal or Tory candidates to the Town Council. But after election, and the organization of the Town Council by election of the Mayor and Aldermen, party lines usually disappear, and party politics have little or no effect on the administrative policy of the Council. This is the case as regards Town Councils. As regards the local Poor Law Boards, party politics have rarely if ever had any play. In the past these elections have been of a colorless and most businesslike character, seldom arousing any local excitement, and rarely attended with any activity that could by any possibility be described as an electoral campaign. In the case of School Boards matters have been different. Parties have grouped themselves according to sectarian lines as friends of the voluntary schools, and consequently lukewarm supporters of the School Board system, or as thorough-going supporters of the School Board system, prepared to carry out the School Board laws in their fulness and entirety.

As concerns the paid municipal service, its great characteristic is its stability. When once a man is appointed to any position under a municipality, it matters nothing to him, so far as the security of his position goes, who is Mayor, or whether at the last election the Liberals or the Tories elected the majority of the Council. He holds his position during good behavior. It is his until he cares to resign it, either to go into other work, or to take a better position under another municipality. If it is a position of the first rank in the municipal service, he was not appointed to it at the will of any one man. He was chosen first by the committee which exercises supervision over the department in which he is engaged, and then appointed by an open vote in a regularly convened meeting of the Town Council. The same process will have to be followed when he is promoted or granted an increase of pay. The committee will recommend his promotion or an addition to his salary, and its recommendation will have to be canvassed and confirmed in a full and open meeting of the Council.

Compared with other professions in England, the municipal service is, on the whole, fairly well paid. Salaries of town clerks range from £300 in towns of a population of 30,000 to £1750 paid by Manchester, which has a population of 500,000; while municipal engineers are paid all the way up from £200 in towns of 20,000 to £1000 a year paid by each of the municipalities of Manchester, Liverpool, and Newcastle.

For these salaries the Councils usually demand all the time of their servants. A lawyer or an engineer may do better as a private practitioner; but in the municipal service he is sure of his position and his pay, and it will be his own fault if he has not so organized his office and trained his assistants that he can hold on to his position well on into old age. Advancing years may tell against a man for appointment to a municipal office, but old age is seldom made the excuse for getting rid of a town clerk or a municipal engineer. Most of them die in harness, drawing full pay.

The subordinate clerkships under the municipalities are not much better paid than clerkships in law and mercantile offices. The reason why these positions are prized is that in such a position a man regards himself as placed for life, and is consequently in the enjoyment of that feeling of settlement and that absence of worry as to the future which are so dear to middle-class Englishmen. Excellent men of their class hold these positions. Their abilities and their respectability would bring them the same salaries elsewhere, minus only the fixity of tenure which attaches to all grades of the municipal service. These subordinates, like their superiors in the paid municipal service, vote at all elections like other citizens. They never attempt to conceal how they vote; but the recurring elections give rise to no pleasurable expectations or disturbing apprehensions of any kind on their part. They are never active in the municipal campaigns, and would as soon expect to encounter a highwayman in the town as a collector seeking contributions to a campaign fund.

These are the characteristics of the English municipal service as it has been developed since the thirties; and generally speaking, it may be stated that all departments of it have been organized and administered on a businesslike basis. In the large towns and cities, business men who have given their time to the service have worked the municipal system on business lines and with little regard for class interests.

It is now possible, however, to note the beginnings of a change. The labor movement is now aggressive in municipal politics. In towns where it is strongest its net achievements so far have been the adoption of fair-wage contracts, better wages for unskilled laborers, and the refusal of increase of salary to higher grade officials. One result of this movement is a demand for payment for service on the municipal Councils. If the movement goes on as it has begun, and if it gathers strength with the growth of the labor and socialistic movement in national politics, it can hardly fail seriously to alter the character of the English municipal service. Instead of the old party lines of Liberal and Tory, which were not everywhere drawn, and where they did exist had little effect on the real work of the Town Council, new dividing lines will appear. These will be the lines of capital and labor, of rich and poor. Candidates for municipal service will then have to range themselves along these lines, and as the lines become more clear, the English municipal service must inevitably lose much of the high and businesslike character which distinguished it for the last half-century.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

A better Cocktail at home than is served over any bar in the world

THE CLUB COCKTAILS

MANHATTAN, WHISKEY, TOM GIN, MARTINI, HOLLAND GIN, VERMOUTH and YORK.

Do not be wrongfully prejudiced against a bottled Cocktail until you have tried the "Club" brand. The principle is correct, the ingredients the best, and the result is all that can be desired. Try them and satisfy yourself.

These Cocktails are made of absolutely pure and well matured liquors and the mixing equal to the best cocktails served over any bar in the world. The proportions being accurate, they will always be found uniform.

AVOID IMITATIONS

Sold by Dealers generally, and on the Dining and Buffet Cars of the principal railroads.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Props.
39 Broadway, N. Y. Hartford, Conn.
20 Piccadilly, W. London, Eng.

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR 25 CTS.
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

IF YOU HAVE HEARD
of the great
popularity of
"Canadian Club" Whisky
and feel disposed to try it,
or
if you are already one of its admirers,
BEWARE
of the counterfeits of our labels and capsules.
They are very dangerous.
So is the whisky the public are thereby induced to purchase.
You can invariably tell
"CANADIAN CLUB"
by its fine quality.
When you find apparently good labels but undoubtedly bad whisky, please write to us.

HIRAM WALKER & SONS, Lim'd,
Walkerville, Canada.

For names of dealers handling the genuine whisky apply to our New York office,
1232 Broadway,
New York.

CANVAS FOLDING ENAMELED BATH. 6 galls. a full bath. Tub fits bather so 2 pails of water make submergent bath. Hot bath ready in 5 min. Wt., 10 lbs. Cat. free, Baths or Boats. World's Fair Award. ACME FOLDING BOAT CO., MIAMISBURG, OHIO.
Safe, Light, Handsome, Compact. EXTENDED & FOLDED. Send for Illust'd Catalog.
ACME FOLDING BOAT CO., MIAMISBURG, O.

The Strength of the Nation
JOHANN HOFF'S
MALT EXTRACT
MAKES FLESH AND BLOOD
EISNER & MENDELSON CO. AGENTS NEW YORK.

ROYAL WORCESTER CYCLES
are made in all sizes for men and women. Tandems also. The handsomest, lightest, easiest running wheels of the year. $100.
Catalogues free.
Worcester Cycle Mfg. Co., 17 Murray St., New York.

DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED. Our INVISIBLE TUBE Cushions help when all else fails, as glasses help eyes. NO PAIN. Whispers heard. Send to F. Hiscox Co., 853 B'way, N. Y., for Book and Proofs FREE

HIRES Rootbeer
Carbonated.

Corked-up health—ready for your uncorking. Sparkling, snappy, thirst-allaying HIRES Rootbeer, ready bottled. Nothing in it but roots, barks, berries, distilled water—and healthful enjoyment. Quenches your thirst, gives you an appetite. A draught of it refreshes you—body and mind; makes you readier for work or play. A promoter of temperance, health and good cheer. The most wholesome drink for bicyclists—anybody, at home, traveling, working, sleeping.

Sold by all dealers by the bottle and in cases of two dozen pints. See that HIRES and the signature *Chas. E. Hires Co.* are on each bottle. Package of HIRES Rootbeer extract makes 5 gallons. Sold, as formerly, by all dealers.

THE CHAS. E. HIRES CO.,
Philadelphia.

FIRST PRIZE
Hires
IMPROVED
Rootbeer

ARE YOU SHORT?
12,000 Pairs Sold.

WORN INSIDE THE SHOE.
SECTION
PAT. APP'D FOR.

The new "Ventilated Instep Lift" can be adjusted to increase one's height from one-quarter to one inch.
It transforms a low, flat instep into one that is arched and graceful. Walking is made a pleasure.
Is made of thin perforated pieces of cork covered with leather, which forms a smooth, elastic heel cushion.
Ladies', 35c.; Men's, 40c. per pair. All shoe stores, or send to
GILBERT & WILLIAMSON MFG. CO.,
(Give size of shoe.) 85 Elm Street, Rochester, N. Y.

VIOLETTES DU CZAR
(Czar's Violets)
CONCENTRATED PERFUMES
L. LEGRAND (Oriza-Perfumery) 11. Place de la Madeleine, PARIS

THE CELEBRATED
SOHMER
Heads the list of the highest-grade pianos. It is the favorite of the artists and the refined musical public.
SOHMER & CO., Piano Manufacturers,
149 to 155 East 14th St., N. Y.

AMATEUR-SPORT

The Amateur Athletic Union held a special meeting last week in New York, which was intended to be a conference on the needs of the athletic hour by representatives from the A. A. U. and its allied organizations. Upwards of forty men, including all those believed to have any views on the situation worth hearing, had been invited to attend, but only seventeen responded, and of these were the president, secretary, and treasurer of the A. A. U., two representatives from the New England Association of the A. A. U. and the Young Men's Christian Association Athletic League, one each from the North American Gymnastic Union, Intercollegiate Association, Interscholastic Association, University of Pennsylvania, Knickerbocker A. C., Chicago A. A., and three from the New York A. C.

The meeting, in point of fact, became one for the discussion of the A. A. U. constitution and by-laws, and many changes were made that were needed and will commend themselves to sportsmen at large. Among these the best are:

> Any club that shall fail to file the necessary report of games shall be refused further sanction until such report be filed.
>
> No person who, since the organization of the A. A. U., has knowingly become a professional shall be reinstated as an amateur.
>
> No professional contest or exhibition shall be held at any games, meeting, or entertainment held under the rules of the A. A. U.

It would have been befitting a conference gathered for the welfare of amateur athletics to rescind the clause in the A. A. U. "hand-book" which permits club competition for banners, and that created so much scandal a few years ago. An effort was indeed made to abolish the practice, but, strangely enough, it found a successful champion in A. G. Mills; so one of the needs of the hour was ignored.

Of other alterations recommended, the following are most significant:

> Strike out Connecticut from New England Association and insert it in Metropolitan Association.
>
> Strike out from Central Association Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, North Dakota, South Dakota, Wyoming, New Mexico, and Indian Territory.
>
> Strike out from Southern Association Arkansas and Kentucky.
>
> Add after Ohio, Illinois, and Indiana the words, "North of the fortieth degree north latitude."
>
> Establish Western Association south of the fortieth degree north latitude as follows: Missouri, Nebraska, North Dakota, South Dakota, Arkansas, Kentucky, Kansas, Wyoming, New Mexico, Indian Territory, Oklahoma, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois.
>
> Change article VI., section 2, to read: Every active member must appoint six delegates to represent it at every meeting of the Union, and such delegates must be amateur members in good standing of clubs belonging to such member, and may also appoint six alternates of such delegates, who must be amateur members of any of its own or of any other active member's clubs.

The individual registration scheme, which has created much discussion and some friction in the West, but is withal highly commendable, was approved.

The attitude on this question of Athletic Director Stagg, of Chicago University, is inimical to the best interests of athletics, and cannot be endorsed by the friends of amateur sport.

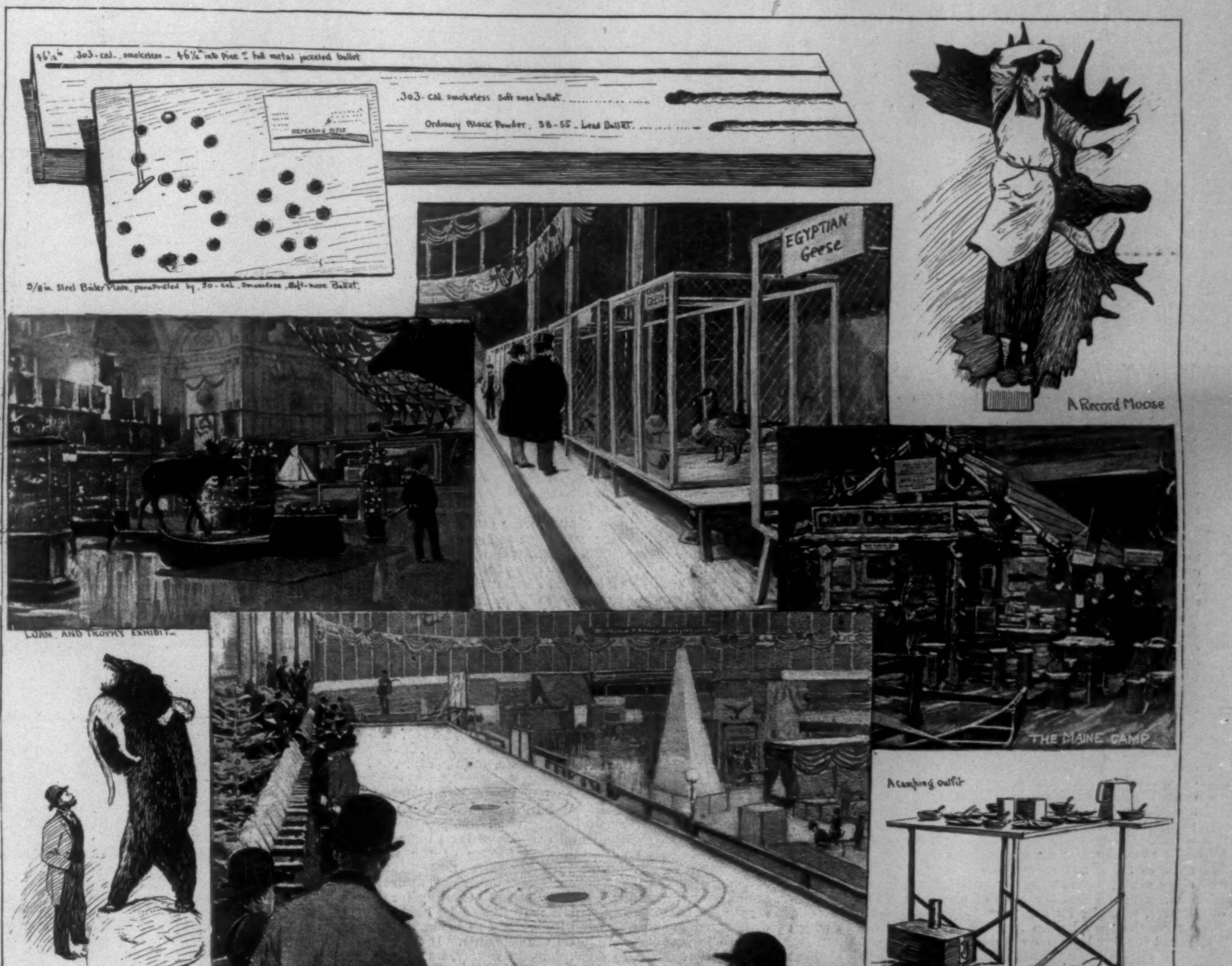
The conference provided for unscheduled closed games as follows:

> All games, meetings, or entertainments of any kind where athletes compete or exhibit must be scheduled, except when the meeting, game, or entertainment is held by a member of the A. A. U. or an allied body, and the entries are confined to members of the club promoting such meeting, game, or entertainment.

And also harmonized the relations between the A. A. U. and the colleges by recommending that the restriction as to residence shall not apply to undergraduates. It is probable that all these suggestions will be accepted by the A. A. U. Committee on Legislation, and adopted by the Union in due course, and that they will lead to simplification and clarification in other directions.

It was high time the Amateur Athletic Union ceased being an apparently indifferent spectator to the corrupting influences at work in amateur athletics, and the idea of this recent conference was certainly praiseworthy, and evidence, we hope, of a new spirit. But all the revisions of rules will go for naught if the A. A. U. officials do not reveal in the future more determination to have them respected than they have shown in the past. There have always been rules enough to keep amateur athletics pure; but the courage to enforce them was wanting, and unless a total change of front follows now, this particular New York conference will accomplish no more than several others that have gone before it. It is not enough to spread good intentions on record; we must have convincing evidence that respect for them is to be demanded not only of local clubs, but of all the branches of the A. A. U.

Mr. Humphreys, president of the Pacific Coast Association, has been fighting single-handed the corrupt practices that flourish in several clubs on the Pacific coast, notably the Olympic A.C., and success has attended his splendid and unceasing efforts. But where there is no resolute official like Mr. Humphreys to hold branch associations up to the amateur mark, the A.A.U. has appeared to view with


46½in .303-cal. smokeless – 46½in into Pine – full metal jacketed bullet
.303-cal. smokeless Soft nose bullet
Ordinary Black Powder, 38-55 – Lead Bullet
REPEATING RIFLE
3/8 in. Steel Boiler Plate, penetrated by .30-cal. Smokeless, Soft-nose Bullet.
EGYPTIAN Geese
A Record Moose
LOAN AND TROPHY EXHIBIT
THE MAINE CAMP
A Kadiak Grizzly
FLY-CASTING COMPETITION.
A camping outfit
(unpacked)
(packed)
A 6-Shooter
Detachable Electric Propeller
A Rocky Mountain Folding Stove
(folded)
TAPPAN ADNEY.

THE SPORTSMEN'S EXPOSITION, MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, NEW YORK.

equal indifference violation of its rules or distortion of athletic ethics, as revealed on several occasions in the Central and New England associations. It is in this direction that we shall look for some manifestation of the A. A. U.'s "good intentions" for the future.

It is grievous a counterpart of Mr. Humphreys is not in residence at Detroit to discipline the dissolute "amateur" boxers of that section, and such clubs as the Detroit A. C. and the Michigan A. A., which support them. Detroit, which at one time bore a clean and respected name in the athletic world, has reached the depths of degradation indeed when it becomes a party to that disgusting athletic fraud known as the "amachoor" boxer! And Detroit is the home of some of the most thorough-going, conscientious sportsmen I ever knew. Have they all lost interest in wholesome sport or moved to a more healthful clime? As for the Central Association of the A. A. U., it seems to now be a mere name; and yet we can hardly expect much virtuous activity unless the parent body sets a good example.

Recently the Michigan Athletic Association held the "amateur" boxing championships of Michigan, and the tournament came near postponement, owing to the dissatisfaction of the boxers over the prizes offered. The Association had advertised to give winners $20 watches, but the boxers objected to orders for watches or thirty-day notes, and demanded immediate possession of watches really worth $20, or $15 in cash for winners and $5 cash for losers. The general sentiment of the "amateurs" seems most fittingly expressed in the elegant language of one of them, who remarked, "We won't pull off a sock until we get the stuff." That they got the "stuff," and that they have been getting it at similar entertainments for several years, seems to be generally conceded around Detroit.

Does not the Amateur Athletic Union recognize cause in these patent facts for calling the Central Association to account, and demanding the suspension of the Michigan A. A. and the disqualification of the "amateur" boxers who got the "stuff"?

And the professional boxer—masquerading as an amateur—is not a recent discovery at Detroit.

The New York conference of the A. A. U. last week suggested many excellent alterations in the reading of the A. A. U. by-laws, and yet it failed of making the one change (in the membership requirements demanded of clubs) considered by those best informed on the situation to be really vital to the health, even life, of the Amateur Athletic Union. In other words, the A. A. U. continues open to that class of clubs whose membership is carried in their presidents' hats, with headquarters over some saloon, and whose excuse for existence is "amachoor" boxing.

The reorganization of the A. A. U. several years ago, on a fallacious plan for broadening and thereby increasing the health and prosperity of amateur athletics, has worked with literal and directly opposite effect. In an effort to be "democratic," the membership has been thrown open to the corrupt, and the council-chamber filled with many legislators absolutely untutored in the ethics of amateur sport. There will be no prosperity for the Amateur Athletic Union until this class of men is denied admittance, and there is apt to be no life for the A. A. U. if the correction is not made speedily.

There must be a change of constitution, so that a club may not become a member of the A. A. U. unless it has regularly appointed club-rooms and gives one or two open athletic meetings in a year. The present membership list of the A. A. U. has a number of clubs that do not comply with these requirements, and in the Metropolitan Association a majority of clubs are ineligible on this basis.

There will, after all, much good come of the commotion over Sunday bicycle-racing if it be the means of finally ridding the League of American Wheelmen of that class of race-promoters, racers with no other visible means of support, hangers-on, touts, and all that clique which seems to view racing as the sole reason for the L. A. W.'s existence. It will be remembered that at the recent National Assembly of the L. A. W., at Albany, Sunday racing was forbidden, and L. A. W. membership denied professionals. The demand for Sunday racing came chiefly from the West, and most urgently from California, although there were some delegates from the South who wished it, and one or two elsewhere that sympathized with it. The majority of these have evidently recognized the distaste with which Sunday racing is regarded by the country at large, and have yielded gracefully to the verdict of the National Assembly. Not so California. Threats of secession have burdened the telegraphic daily despatches, and a date (April 1) at length been determined upon for the withdrawal of the California division from the League.

It is the hope of sportsmen that Mr. Welch, who appears to be the mouth-piece of the California bicycling clubs, has not overestimated his influence with his confrères, and that the class of which he is the standard-bearer, where'er its members be scattered—East, North, or South—may hasten to rally around the colors which stand for Sunday racing and professionalism.

It will be a day for rejoicing indeed when this element retires from the League of American Wheelmen.

And the Sunday-racing contingent is not the only undesirable element in the L.A.W. It was apparent at the recent National Assembly that the racing element is becoming—indeed, has already become—a corrupting power in the legislature of the League. Officers are elected and measures propitiated or killed in accordance with how they appeal to the racing clique. There are upwards of 75,000 members of the L. A. W., and an exceedingly small percentage of them sympathize with legislation that has its first and last consideration for the race-track. They have not hitherto been so active at the National Assembly as the minority, but henceforth they intend to be.

Those of the racing element who are honestly concerned for wholesome sport will serve their purpose best by remaining loyal to the L. A. W. in its broader usefulness. There is some question whether the L. A. W. would not be better off for divorcing the racing element, but there is no question at all that healthful racing would be a serious sufferer by the separation. Once the racing gets under the control of the class of men who favor Sunday racing, admittance of professionals, and other innovations of similar character, and there will be an end to prosperity and health.

The L. A. W. officials just now are too much involved in "politics" to heed a warning, but they will feel the force of the best element's disapproval when the next day of election comes around. Those members of the L. A. W. who believe in wholesome racing, and they are largely in the majority, will not tolerate Sunday exhibiting, or anything else that gives the entrance wedge to professionalism. They will put forth strenuous efforts to keep the L. A. W. straight and free from professional control.

The final game (March 23) in the series for the championship of the American Hockey League was not only a test between the two leading clubs hereabouts, but somewhat of a trial between men who learned their game in the land where it is played best and men who learned it where it has been most recently introduced. The records of the two teams made it a championship contest indeed. The New York Athletic Club team, some of whom are resident Canadians, had played fourteen games this season without defeat, the St. Nicholas team being one of those vanquished (3 goals to 2, in January); the St. Nicholas team had won all its matches save the N. Y. A. C. one, and one with a visiting Canadian team.

The line-up in the supreme meeting held at the St. Nicholas Rink was:

St. N. S. C.	Position.	N. Y. A. C.
T. Barron, captain	Left end	B. Bogert.
W. A. Larned	Left centre	D. M. Spaulding.
M. G. Chace	Right centre	F. S. Wonham.
E. A. Crowninshield	Right end	A. R. Pope.
R. D. Wrenn	Cover-point	J. A. Fenwick, captain.
H. W. Slocum	Point	T. Lynch.
G. M. Wharton	Goal	G. B. Macrae.

Play was fast from the beginning, and the superior team-work of the N. Y. A. C. evident—though the individual efforts of St. Nicholas, especially the defence of Slocum and Wrenn, kept the score lower than the mark suggested by the greater skill of the N. Y. A. C. St. Nicholas revealed exceedingly good form, notably so when the length of time it has been playing the game is taken into consideration. The N. Y. A. C. opened the match with brilliant offensive work, scoring twice within six minutes, but for the remainder of the half play was in the New York's territory—several brilliant shots for goal being made by St. Nicholas, and as brilliantly stopped by N. Y., until Chace finally got through the defence for St. Nicholas's only goal.

The second half began with St. Nicholas attacking vigorously and N. Y. A. C. playing together beautifully on the defensive. After twelve minutes N. Y. A. C. made its third and last goal, and the game ended with three goals to one in its favor.

Taking the St. Nicholas team as a basis of comparison, the Canadian team which visited here during the winter, and subsequently was reported to have won the championship of the Dominion, is not so strong a combination as that of the N. Y. A. C. which last week won the American championship.

The revival of interest in 'cross-country running is one of the most gratifying signs of the growing interest in sport for sport's sake. There is no "gallery" in 'cross-country running. It is all hard work, and most of it done where there are no cheers of spectators to encourage the tired competitor. We are notably, painfully, weak in 'cross-country running; there are very few performers above mediocrity in the United States, while in England high class at this game is too common to excite comment. Our weakness is easily accounted for—the colleges do not encourage 'cross-country running; the clubs, with one or two exceptions, ignore it completely; and as no 'cross-country runners are developed, naturally no interest in the sport is created. There was once a 'cross-country association in the United States, which held an annual championship, but it passed out of existence in '91, after an indifferent life, and there has been no association to take its place.

The awakening interest has created a demand for another such association, or for the resurrection of the old one.

A team 'cross-country championship, at all events, run over the steeple-chase course of Morris Park, is scheduled for next month, and ten clubs have agreed to send teams. These include the Knickerbocker A. C., New York A. C., New Jersey A. C., New West Side A. C., Pastime A. C., St. George's A. C., Sea View Harriers, Xavier A. C., Huguenot A. C. of New Rochelle, and the Star A. C. of Long Island.

The result of the present movement may be an interesting meeting this year, but we shall not see 'cross-country running on a permanent footing until the preparatory schools and colleges and clubs recognize it on their athletic schedules as an established fixture of the year. There is no reason why the Interscholastic and the Intercollegiate should not include a 'cross-country event in the annual championships. It may not be so exciting for the spectators as bicycling, and it may indeed be held at a different time and place, but it deserves, and should hold, a more important position on the schedule. If these associations raised it to championship honors, its recognition by the colleges would instantly follow, and the clubs which take their cue from the colleges would also recognize it.

The popular approval which greeted the Sportsmen's Exposition week before last at Madison Square Garden, and has greeted it since these shows were inaugurated a few years ago, suggests the permanent success this annual event may depend upon if public interest is sustained by yearly novel and really interesting and instructive exhibits. It will not do to drop into a mere perfunctory showing of guns and fishing-tackle, and a collection of indifferently mounted heads of wild game. Although a few novel and interesting features were added this year—notably the fly-casting tournament—somehow the main floor of the exposition did not appeal so strongly to the sportsman. Perhaps it was because the strident voice of business seemed to sound more loudly in his ear than at any previous show; perhaps the self-glorification and trade-seeking of the shooting and fishing guides from Maine and elsewhere wearied him. Certainly there was nothing lacking in the displays of rifles, guns, rods, reels, and the multitudinous array of articles used by the sportsman. Nor was the management amiss in the smallest detail; on the contrary, it seemed more efficient than hitherto. The exposition is, of course, a huge shop, and a most interesting one. But why not follow the example set by the bicycle-manufacturers, and make it instructive as well? A machinery hall would be an addition of extreme attractiveness. This, however, is sure to come in due course. The exposition until this year has been tentative, but there need be no further doubt as to its reception by the public. Such shows are valuable in keeping the people abreast of the industrial movement of the day.

The loan and trophy exhibit was extensive and complete, showing such a collection of flags, cups, and medals as has never before been gathered in one room in this country. But the exhibit of wild-game heads was poor, and this should be one of the features of the loan and trophy room. This can only be accomplished by arousing the interest of sportsmen in the show—and I fear it is now too generally regarded by them as solely an annual opportunity for the self-advertisement of tradespeople and professional guides. This impression must be corrected if the exposition is to have the active support of sportsmen, and there is no better means of doing it than by making the loan and trophy room more of a feature than it has been, and by plainly placarding every trophy with its history, etc., and by the institution of other such attractions as the fly-casting tournament this year, which was a happy thought, as was also the addition of a live wild-fowl exhibit. Small and incomplete as was the exhibition of game birds, it was one of the most interesting in the Garden, and should be increased next year. So also would sportsmen be interested in an exhibition of sporting dogs, though these collections of birds and dogs should be choice, and really worth viewing.

If the number of exhibiting taxidermists could be lessened, or their displays limited, the exposition would be benefited, and the nerves of sportsmen spared. In the whole sporting world there is absolutely nothing so despairingly unattractive as a poorly mounted head, and these were in the majority at the recent exposition. They are always in the majority at any similar exhibition. The men who can properly mount a head of wild game are few indeed!

The fly-casting tournament was easily the greatest attraction in the Garden for those sportsmen who have handled a rod even indifferently; while to the skilled fly-casters it was the only spot worthy a visit. There were trials under many varying conditions, and the contestants were somewhat handicapped for comfortable working-room. Next year the tank will probably be located on the main floor, which will afford ample opportunity for every kind of competition in casting.

In the contest for those never having cast over 65 feet—rod, 5¾ ounces and under—C. G. Levison cast 74½ ft.; N. S. Smith, 68½; C. M. Roof, 68; Dr. H. L. O'Brien, 66; D. Brandreth, 65; and D. T. Kennedy, 61. In the contest with light rods, single-handed, open to all, P. Cooper Hewitt switch-cast 100 ft. 5½ in.; R. C. Leonard cast, overhand, 100 ft. 3½ in.—establishing a world's record at this style, and beating his own mark, made in '88, of 95 ft.; T. B. Mills cast 83½ ft.; and Hiram Hawes, 78 ft.

Casting for distance with bass flies, leaders not to exceed 6 feet, and No. 4 flies used—open to those who had never scored seventy feet—Erskine R. Hewitt, 79 ft.; C. H. Mowry, 72 ft.; D. Brandreth, 68½ ft.; W. C. Spencer, 53 ft. In the open to all, under same conditions, R. C. Leonard cast 101½ ft., beating the world's record of 90 ft., made by James L. Breese in 1890 at Tuxedo. In '89 Mr. Breese also won this event, with 89 ft., at Harlem Mere, in the National Rod and Reel Association tournament. In the Garden event P. Cooper Hewitt switch-cast 95 ft., and took second to Leonard; T. B. Mills cast 92 ft.; H. W. Hawes, 78½ ft.; and Erskine R. Hewitt, 75½ ft.

In the tournament for accuracy the entries were divided into two classes, the mark being placed at 65 feet for the first and 50 feet for the second class. The percentages were:

First Class.—D. T. Kennedy, 93.5; R. C. Leonard, 92; H. W. Hawes, 91; E. R. Hewitt, 89.5; P. Cooper Hewitt, 87; Thomas B. Mills, 85.5.

Second Class.—D. T. Kennedy, 91.5; R. C. Leonard, 90.5; P. C. Hewitt, 90; C. G. Levison, 87.5; E. R. Hewitt, 87.5; D. Brandeth, 89; W. H. Hammett, 85; H. W. Hawes, 87.5; C. M. Roof, 84.5.

The contest for distance, any style, with single-handed rods, was won by R. C. Leonard, 102 ft. 5 in.; T. B. Mills, 91 ft.; D. T. Kennedy, 76 ft.; C. G. Levison, 73 ft.; C. M. Roof, 72 ft. At the conclusion of the contest Mr. Leonard tried for a record, and made a cast of 106 ft., which now stands as the second best in-door effort, the first best being that of W. D. Mansfield, 108½ ft., made two weeks ago at an in-door casting tournament in San Francisco.

The obstacle contest, for which a horizontal bar (under which the fly must be cast) was placed across the tank, thirty feet from where the contestants stood, and nine feet above the water, was won by E. R. Hewitt, 75 ft.; R. C. Leonard, 74 ft. 9 in.; H. Hawes, 69 ft. 6 in.; P. Cooper Hewitt, 69 ft.; D. Brandreth, 60 ft. 6 in.

In the obstacle contest simulating the difficulties encountered by the trout-angler at the brook-side, with trees and branches overhanging floating targets, the utmost skill of the entries was demanded, each having ten casts—five at thirty and five at forty feet. C. M. Roof won first honors for accuracy, with E. R. Hewitt second; D. Brandreth, third. And D. Brandreth earned highest honors for delicacy.

In contest for distance switch fly-casting R. C. Leonard made 91½ ft., P. C. Hewitt, 90 ft.; and C. H. Mowry, 62½ ft.

Fly-casting for distance, overhead style, R. C. Leonard again won, making 105½ ft.; Hiram Hawes, second, 98½ ft.; P. Cooper Hewitt, third, 95½ ft.; T. B. Mills, 90 ft. In one of Mr. Mills's trials he cast 110 ft. 9½ in., but as his fly dropped off, it did not count under the rules.

The revolver and rifle contests were well filled and interestingly contested, though the interest of sportsmen would have been greater had the professional and amateur lines been drawn more definitely.

Caspar Whitney.

"PONY TRACKS."—Written and Illustrated by Frederic Remington.—8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $3 00.—Full Leather, $4 00.—Harper & Brothers.

Sager

CYCLE SADDLES

are made by the

"MAKERS OF MOST OF THE HIGH-GRADE SADDLES"

Ordinary
Health
Anatomical
Pneumatic
Hygienic

In 14 various shapes, interchangeable with 7 graded springs.

Sager
ROCHESTER, N.Y.

No one else offers the cyclist the choice of

EVERY POPULAR STYLE

of Cycle Saddle in a quality above the standard of all others. Illustrated Catalogue, showing **60** styles, sent free.

RIDE A MONARCH AND KEEP IN FRONT.

MONARCH CYCLE MF'G CO. CHICAGO.
NEW-YORK LONDON

A chain lubricant that catches dirt is worse than no lubricant at all.

B. & Z. BRUSH-TOP

Chain Lubricant

DOES NOT CATCH DIRT.
It is a paste of the finest graphite, that creeps into the joints of the chain, insuring longer wear and easier running. Feeds through brush in end of collapsible tube. Simple and clean. Of all cycle dealers, or by mail for **25c.**

BERRANG & ZACHARIAS,
737 Mattison Ave., Asbury Park, N.J.

How Far have I gone?

THE
VEEDER
CYCLOMETER

Answers accurately.

Smallest, neatest, and only reliable cyclometer on the market. Weight, 1 oz.

Price, $1.50.

For sale by all reliable dealers.

BOOKLET FREE

VEEDER MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.

History made LIBERTY BELL honored and loved. Sweetness and purity of tone have made THE NEW DEPARTURE BICYCLE BELLS widely known and universally appreciated. The acme of excellence. The ideal of perfection.

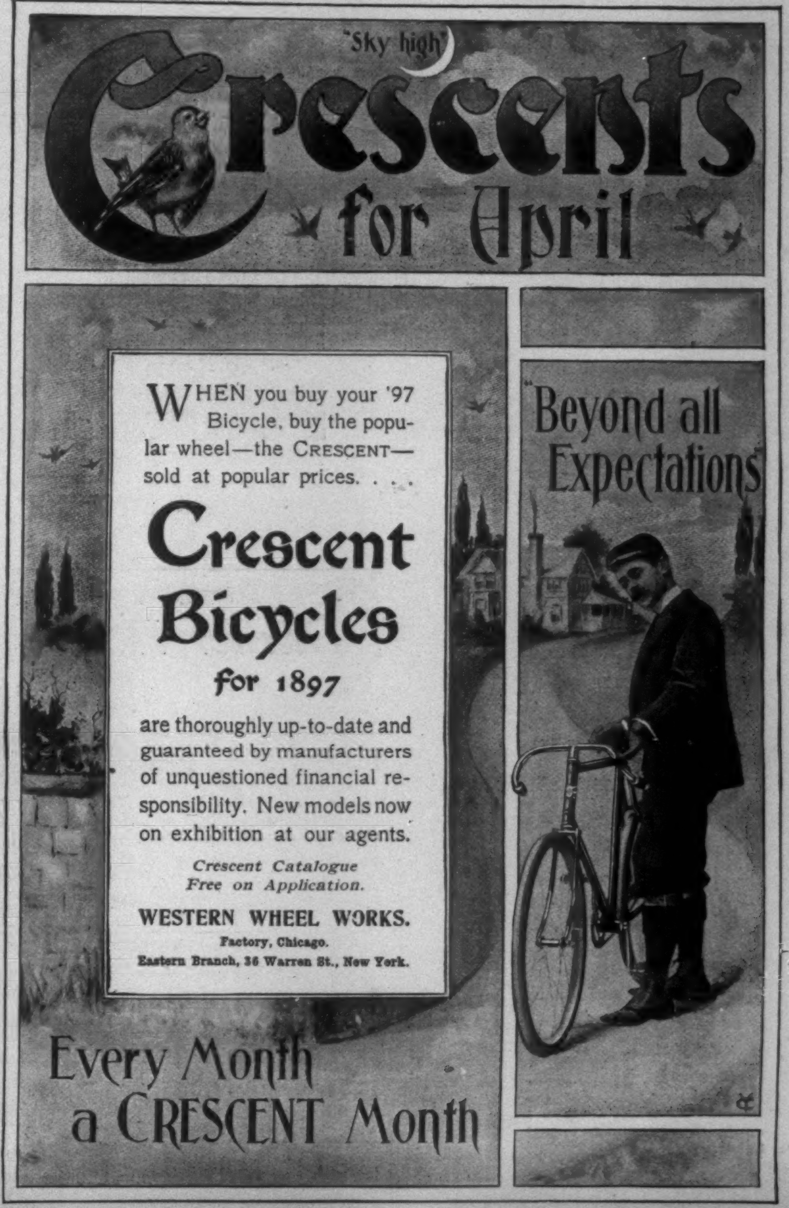
"Just hear dem bells, Dey's ringing everywhere."

THEY HAVE A TONE THAT'S ALL THEIR OWN.

34 STYLES

FREE SOUVENIR BOOKLET upon application.

THE NEW DEPARTURE BELL CO
No. 12 Main St. Bristol, Conn



"Sky high" Crescents for April

WHEN you buy your '97 Bicycle, buy the popular wheel—the CRESCENT—sold at popular prices. . . .

Crescent Bicycles for 1897

are thoroughly up-to-date and guaranteed by manufacturers of unquestioned financial responsibility. New models now on exhibition at our agents.

Crescent Catalogue Free on Application.

WESTERN WHEEL WORKS.
Factory, Chicago.
Eastern Branch, 36 Warren St., New York.

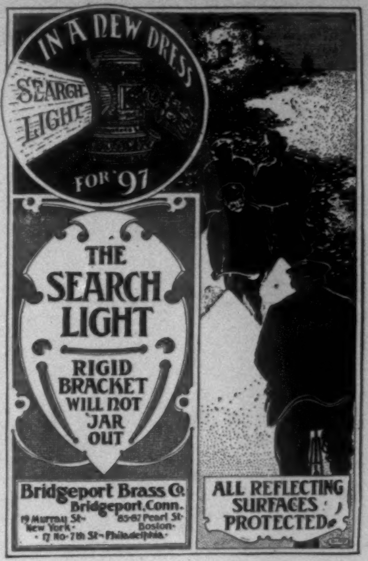
"Beyond all Expectations"

Every Month a CRESCENT Month

THE TALLY-HO IS A RELIABLE LAMP

$5

THE BRIDGEPORT GUN IMPLEMENT COMPANY
FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS



IN A NEW DRESS
SEARCH LIGHT
FOR '97

THE SEARCH LIGHT
RIGID BRACKET WILL NOT JAR OUT

Bridgeport Brass Co.
Bridgeport, Conn.
19 Murray St. New York. 85-87 Pearl St. Boston. 17 No. 7th St. Philadelphia.

ALL REFLECTING SURFACES PROTECTED.

Hold their place in the front rank of the publications to which they belong.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS

MAGAZINE, $4 a year
WEEKLY, $4 a year
BAZAR, $4 a year
ROUND TABLE, $2 a year

Ball-Pointed Pens

(H. HEWITT'S PATENT).

Luxurious Writing!

Suitable for writing in every position; glide over any paper; never scratch nor spurt.

Made of the finest Sheffield rolled steel, BALL-POINTED pens are *more durable*, and are ahead of all others

FOR EASY WRITING.

$1.20 *per box of 1 gross. Assorted sample box of 24 pens for* 25 cts., *post free from all stationers, or wholesale of*

H. BAINBRIDGE & CO., 99 William Street, New York.
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., 715 Market Street, Philadelphia.
HOOPER, LEWIS & CO., 8 Milk Street, Boston.
A. C. M'CLURG & CO., 117 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.
BROWN BROS., Lim., 68 King Street, Toronto.

The Waverley Bicycle

$100 $60

The Waverley Bicycle for 1897 is the acme of bicycle construction. New and expensive principles of construction involved make the cost of building enormous. Hence the price is **$100.**

The only bicycle with true bearings

Last year the Waverley was as good as any wheel in the market—better than most. Because new machinery was not needed for its continued construction, the price of the improved 1896 model has been reduced to **$60**—a saving of **$25** to you. *Catalogue Free.*

Indiana Bicycle Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

THE Racycle NARROW TREAD

The only Mechanically Correct Wheel on Earth

The Racycle crank hanger has from 20 per cent to 30 per cent less pressure on the bearings than the crank hanger of any other bicycle on the market.

$1.000 IN CASH

will be paid to the first person who can demonstrate that the above assertion is not a fact. No cycle considered without the consent of the maker. All infringements barred. Address all communications to **RACYCLE,** MIDDLETOWN, O.

OUR Crank Hanger Does it!

Special Racycle N. T's	$100
Special Racycle Tandems	150
Racycle N. T's . . .	75
Our Bicycles.	50

AGENTS WANTED
WRITE FOR TERMS.

CHICAGO, 288 Wabash Ave.
NEW YORK, 106 Fulton St.
WASHINGTON, D. C.

SPECIAL RACYCLE NARROW TREAD
MODEL No. 3
$100 00

Miami Cycle & M'f'g Co., Middletown, O.

Years of building reliable bicycles have taught us how to make the best at a reasonable price.

Crawford Bicycles

are handsome, trustworthy machines, guaranteed for one year. Small sizes, $45. $40, $35. Tandems, $100.

$50

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

NEW YORK
BALTIMORE
ST. LOUIS

The CRAWFORD MFG. CO.
Hagerstown, Md.

ROYAL WORCESTER CYCLES

are royal in their beauty, strength and speed: leaders in every sense of the word. $100 to everyone. Tandems, $150.

Catalogues free.

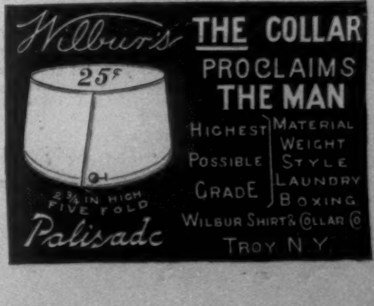
Worcester Cycle Mfg. Co., 17 Murray St., New York.

Price, $3.00

"BROOKS"
SPRING SEAT POST

The Original. The Best. Thousands in use. **Takes away all jolt and jar.** Fits any wheel. Can use any saddle. If your dealer don't have it, will be sent *on trial*, C. O. D.—satisfaction guaranteed. Insist on having a "Brooks" upon your new wheel.

BROOKS SPRING SEAT POST CO.
1540 Marquette Building, - - - - Chicago.



Wilbur's

THE COLLAR PROCLAIMS THE MAN

25¢

2¾ IN HIGH FIVE FOLD
Palisade

HIGHEST POSSIBLE GRADE: MATERIAL, WEIGHT, STYLE, LAUNDRY, BOXING

WILBUR SHIRT & COLLAR CO
TROY N.Y.